Edith Tyberg

National Honor Society

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GLINTS IN THE SAND

Glints in the Sand

A Collection of Student Writing
Verse Essay Story Play

SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
MINNEAPOLIS

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To
The Adventurous Light
of Youth

A FOREWORD—BY JOSEPH JORGENS
Principal of South High School
AN INTRODUCTION—BY RICHARD BURTON
Critic Lecturer Author

FOREWORD

OUR diamond field is here at home. When we find a jewel in the rough, what delight it is to remove the incrustations, polish the gem, and let it shine like a brilliant drop of sunlight.

A long time we delved in the mine and filled the waste receptacles with unhonored productions. Then we struck a vein. The lure of literary gems and the beckon of rubies of thought were upon us.

We banded the poets together, the short story writers, the play-artists, and the news hunters. Never was such a company. They mined and sifted and polished. With happy toil and the extravagant enthusiasm of youth, they filled bags with emeralds of stories, opals of prose, and amethysts of verse. The mentors true selected the master jewels,—mute spokesmen of the wisdom of their plans. Here was a tiara, here a rosary, here a pebble perhaps; but to us, in the joy of it all, a crown jewel.

Then we clamored for a treasure chest. And here it is! View with us the contents—a carcanet of modest jewels. Behold the marvelous mingling of light and color reflecting the glories and possibilities of youth.

Joseph Jorgens

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INTRODUCTION

FOR many years I have sympathetically watched the work in writing of young folk in school and college. Gradually, a conviction has been born in me: namely, that the customary method of education by lesson, rote memory, and analytic examination does not and cannot ever evoke what is in these youngsters in the way of creative thought and expression. It is one of the better signs of the time, therefore, educationally, that far and wide we are coming instead to offer some stimulus to produce that sort of reaction in the written form which shall really show what these persons we have so complacently called immature are feeling, thinking about Life, resenting, exulting at, hoping, dreaming, agonizing over,—in short, to put it as seems natural in these Freudian days, what Life is *doing* to them deep down in the Unconscious. We are learning, though slowly, to coax their inner life up to the surface, asking them to be not mere imitative monkeys, but true personalities self-expressing their soul-stuff so long buried that we doubted if it were there!

I am sure many shared my delight, all the happier because it had the element of surprise in it, when, a few years ago, the Lincoln School of New York City published a volume of the creative efforts in prose and poetry done by the students, accompanied by some intensely interesting explanatory essays by sundry teachers

in the school, which described how a volume, often of astonishing literary value, and certainly of a psychological import to make every earnest teacher pause and reflect, came into existence. It was a triumphant demonstration of the latent talent in every such school, among the students a talent hitherto dormant, perhaps unsuspected.

In reading the attempts in the differing forms of literary creation contained in the present volume, this same cherished conviction receives reinforcement. Some of these writings rise to a high plane of merit, they can be read by anybody trained to appreciate such things with that esthetic pleasure, that gratification of the taste, that admiration for the powers slumbering in the spirits of boys and girls, (as likely as not because it has not been encouraged or sought for) such as is the reward of literary composition, over and above any allowance due to the inexperience of the authors and the fact that their product is that of adolescence. At its best, such work can be commended without reservation.

The piece of verse, to illustrate, done in the free-verse style, entitled *To Isadora Duncan,* is, in my judgment, a striking, happily executed, entirely acceptable poem. The quaint little essay, *Fences,* has a note all its own, and one instinctively feels the writer only needs further practice in the art and further enrichment from living to turn out some genuine contributions in the field of the familiar essay. The Fantasy in Two Scenes called *The Flamingo Feather* is charming in conception,

truly imaginative and shows a command of poetics in its rhymed portions far more mature than might be expected. I would especially emphasize the sketch *Shadows*. It is beautifully done, has rare literary quality, and besides, a human quiver is in it bespeaking the writer's sense of the tragedy of Life and the pathos of individual fates. I see nothing in this composition making it necessary to qualify, or patronize or use the regular word when examining the work of people in the formative period. It is not "promise," but first-class performance that we get here.

These are but a few examples; but sufficient to justify the generalization that through this High School collection some real literature has got itself into the world. Let us older folk do our part, by seeking to discover, applaud and foster all such manifestations in youth as shall remind us that even as Nature steadily carries on her creative processes, so is there alway in the heart of man the creative urge, the precious imaginative gift—if we do but realize it, and not unwittingly stifle it in the mechanics of what we call Education! I believe in the potential powers of self-expression in a human being for just the same reason that I believe in God; for we are all children of the one Father.

Richard Burton

VERSE

INSPIRATION

It comes
Tauntingly, maddeningly,
Peeringly, creepingly,
Toward me.
It laughs, dances,
Ever near
Yet always eluding me.
It can be caught—
Only as one catches a ray of sunlight.
It is by me!
It flashes away
Quickly, softly, queerly—
As a scented shadow,
Leaving only misty, dreamy, uncertain thoughts.
A burning autumn tree,
A rolling, droning sea,
A rakishly-tilted crescent-moon,
A sleepy, creepy, lutish tune,
Drooping, tired baby eyes,
Cloudy, star-sprinkled skies.
Everything in dreamy snatches:
Oh, why can't it come?
Or—
Leave me alone?

—*Irene Flaskerd*

SELFISH WORSHIP

As to the wistful tone of a violin,
Clutching my soul with its immortal cry
So I thrill—
To the leaves whisking before a nipping wind;

In October
To the crispy sound of those leaves
Tearing so wildly from their moorings,
Wildly dancing away—down the road,
Away from home;
Phantoms of yellow, brown, and russet
To the fall wind blowing chilly
Through the almost barren oaks,
With their few green leaves still clinging,
Afraid to loose and weather the storm.

Oh God! How beautiful
Seasons come, but you must have sent autumn
For me!

—Roger Biegert

A MUDDY STREAM

I saw a muddy stream
  Winding its sombre way
And caught a golden gleam
  From the depths of its murky gray.

Deeper and deeper I gazed
  Into the colorless stream
Until I saw, half dazed,
  A thousand hues and sheens—

Silvery sadness of the moon,
Weirdness of a gray sand dune,
  Green gold of a mermaid's hair,
  Tawny gold in a lion's lair,
Green of verdure in the spring,
Dusky blue of an old-wrought ring,
The rosy red of lovely lips.

The fading hues of worn-out ships,
  Colors of happiness—colors of love,
  Colors of sorrow—gray of the dove,
Colors that are the substance of dreams,
Lie in the depths of muddy streams.

—Rose Seff

MY BLUE VASE

A blue vase is on my table—
With pink cherry blossoms
Wound around it;
Inside the vase is a sweet perfume—
Mystical even in its sweetness—
Suggestive of the East with
Its trembling winds, its poppies.

So many hands have touched my vase,
Young hands—with an initial ring
On one finger—have traced
The cherry blossoms out on the blue;
Baby hands have patted it
With dimpled little fists.

Hands—well-cared-for—
But strangely old—have fingered it;
Blue-veined hands of an old lady,—
And the long, tapering finger
Of an artist sensitive to each line
Of the old vase's beauty.

One day a tramp touched it,
And his hands were dirty—
But his eyes lighted at
The blue and pink of it.
A gypsy girl in brilliant red
Admired the pink blossoms,
Went into ecstasy over the
Haunting perfume.

An antique dealer clutched it,
And was loath to let it be;
A youngster, looking for a toy,
Pushed it carelessly aside.

I have touched it many times,
Have held it and traced
The pink blossoms too.
I have lingered over it
Letting the perfume slip
Into my soul. For it is
A vase of other days,
Rich in jewelled memories—

—*Ruby Eggleston*

MY VIOLIN

My soul lies in
My violin,
And there to rest
To seek the best
  Of melodies
Which turns the urn
Of reckless fate,
And makes me learn
Before too late,
  The melodies
That sing of life,
Of thorns, of strife,
And blossoms gold
My soul could hold,
  If melodies
Have only told
My violin,
That it may hold
My soul within
  Its ecstasies.

—*John Layeux*

TO ISADORA DUNCAN

Feet that traced a pattern
Of music o'er the floor;
A body that laced the pattern
With threads of rhythm:
Swaying, poised,
Curves of beauty,
Lines of grace.
A dancer swirled in flame,
With sandals,—light,—crimson,
Covering perfect feet.
Red for the blood that
Raced through her veins;
Red for the temper
That flared and seared;
Red for the spirit
That tossed her down
The avenue of life—
Bruised sometimes,
But never beaten
Until—

An automobile
Purred down a boulevard;
And the wind whipped
The dancer's Spanish shawl
About her shoulders,
Sent the fringed ends darting out—
Catching in a revolving wheel,
A jerk—
The fall of a vivid body;
Then
A white, crushed throat
Caught in a crimson shawl.

—Ruby Eggleston

PIGMENTS

Stately courtier and kingly pet
Dance and sway to the minuet.
Aloof in a corner, hidden from sight
A creature of darkness—child to Night!

Motley crumpled, bells mute;
In gnarled hands—a broken lute;
A warped mind—a twisted tool,
On with the dance—'tis but the fool!

Carmine lips in painted grin,
Eyes that bare the soul within,
Butt of quip and tyrant rule—
Folly's jest—the painted fool.

—Edward Straus

WHITE SMOKE

White smoke
Against the gray skyline of the city—
Beautiful in a weird way—
Brings to my mind
Thoughts of a blind man
Whom I pity,
Because he cannot see—
At the noon of day—
White smoke
Against the gray skyline of the city.

—Grace Oyen

A SCRUB OAK

Through the forest wall a flamboyant red
  Cast its shadows deep across a lake,
There to outline an oak, bowing its head,
  Reverencing—twilight in its wake.
One vast shadow, curving outwardly,
  Swaying to and fro with the April breeze
—Melancholy was the beauty
  Of this lonely monk, this king of trees.

—Roger Biegert

MOON-BEAMS

The Moon-beams enter in my room
And cast their streams of gold;
The center of a fabric loom
Is shining we are told.
The thin clouds drifting slowly by
Are washing yellow hair;
The West is but a golden sky
Reflecting everywhere.
If I could only take a spoon,
And taste the precious light,
That lingers 'round the glowing moon,
I'd take it now, tonight.

—John Layeux

PERFUME

Perfume: a thousand tears
That mist as many smiles,
Caught together by the strings
Of a breeze, sprinkled
With star dust, and mixed
With the petals of a rose.

—Ruby Eggleston

PICTURES

The sky is painting landscapes;
Mountains high, dark caves,
Lakes with tossing waters,
Forming whitecapped waves.
Trees with lacy leaves it draws,
And silver shaded dells
Where pixies play the livelong day
Knee deep in wild bluebells.
Oh, a moving panorama
Stretches before my eyes
To bring me lovely thought
From the canvas of the skies.

—Rose Seff

MY PHILOSOPHY

A sunkissed river going by;
A streak of gold across the sky;
Fluttering wings in nearby trees
Sweet, sad whisper of the breeze.

Oh, I pray you, look and see
All the beauty shown to me.

—Ruby Eggleston

THE LOON

The mocking loon laughs under the moon
  Where the blue-winged heron dreams,
And hemlocks sleep, and marshes seep
  In a tangle of drowsy streams,
And the swamps that steep in a dreamless sleep
  Under the autumn moon,
With sibilant sigh in the night reply
  To the vitriol laugh of the loon.

—Katherine Lounberg

A DREAM

I thought I heard a whippoorwill
  Singing his lilting song;
I dreamed I was a lily pure
  Lifting its face to God.
I pictured the beauty of the trees,
  As they raised their arms in prayer.
But all this was a summer dream,
  And I, a dreamer there.

—Dorothy Powers

DEW FAIRIES

At daybreak have you never seen
  The shining morning sun
Draw up to Heaven from the green
  The dewdrops one by one?

I often watch and wonder
  If the little drops of rain,
Which fall to earth in thunder,
  Are not dewdrops come again.

And I have often wished to know,
  And maybe you have, too,
If tiny little flakes of snow
  Are not the ghost of dew.

—*Howard Logan*

TRIAD

These are
The trio that I
Love most: a silvery star . . .
The firelight . . . shadows on
The snow.

—*Lillian Matheson*

THE PHANTOM FIDDLER OF WARWICK

With eyes that were black as the midnight,
And skin that was tanned and brown,
A gypsy maid came wandering,
A black-eyed gypsy came wandering,
An outcast gypsy came wandering
Over the moonlit down.

She sat on a mossy boulder
Under a wind-tossed pine,
And shook her hair to the moonlight,
Her glossy hair in the moonlight,
And bound it back in the moonlight
With scarlet ribbons fine.

The wind swept the perfume of roses
From many a cottage door,
And a strain of music came floating,
A liquid melody floating,
Like the sigh of the ocean came floating
Over the star-kissed moor.

It thrilled in the silver moonlight
Like the stream in the copse below,
And a jaunty fiddler came strolling,
A beggar fiddler came strolling,
A tattered fiddler came strolling
Over the hill's white brow.

His cap was of tattered velvet,
His cloak was of good Scotch plaid,
And he came a-wildly fiddling,
Fiddling — fiddling —
He came a-sweetly fiddling
Up to the gypsy maid.

He touched his cap to the heather,
And kissed her hand on his knee,
And he wooed the gypsy maiden,
The dusky gypsy maiden,
He wooed the gypsy maiden
Under the grim, pine tree.

And over the moor together
They wandered side by side,
And when the stars were paling,
In the silver East were paling,
When the summer stars were paling
He won her as a bride.

When the sun rose at the dawning
Over the bracken brown,
A bluecoat hunter of England,
A hardy hunter of England,
With his three bold sons of England
Came riding over the down.

And they found the gypsy maiden
A heap in the sunrise red,
With her black hair wrapped about her,
Her long jet locks about her,
Wrapped like a mantle about her
Or a midnight shroud for the dead.

In her arms lay a moldy fiddle,
A musty skull by her side,
For the phantom fiddler of Warwick,
The beggar fiddler of Warwick,
The ragged fiddler of Warwick,
Had won her for his bride.

When the wind blows the perfume of roses,
From many a cottage door,
A strain of music comes floating,
Over the moors comes floating,
A liquid melody floating
Over the purple moors.

And over the moors together
Go wandering side by side
The phantom fiddler of Warwick,
The ragged fiddler of Warwick,
The wild, weird fiddler of Warwick
And his dusky gypsy bride.

—Katherine Lounberg

THE SUNBEAM

They call me the sun,
  But I'm not; I'm a ray!
I belong to the sun,
  Though he's far away.

I'm a child of the sun,
  And the sun gives me light.
Without me the world
  Would be buried in night.

If you love every ray,
  You love the great sun.
Through me you can see
  We two are but one.

Oh, great is my source!
  And great, the world below!
So I dance, yes, of course,
  Through rain, wind, and snow.

—*Lucille Persson*

SPRING

Out in the woods where the spring flowers grow,
Four large oaks stood all in a row.
Said the first gnarled oak in a sepulchral tone,
"Spring is here and winter has flown!"

Then up spoke the second tall oak from the rear,
"I also am sure that spring is here,
For down beside my feet in the snow,
Shy little violets have started to grow."

"Hark!" whispered the third oak. "What do I hear?
A robin, I vow! Yes, spring is here!
The robins are always the heralds of spring,
And soon with their music the woodland will ring."

Then the fourth oak smiled as he said,
"My dears, I have stood in these woods for one hundred years,
And I know that the surest sign of spring—
Is the voice of our songsters upon the wing."

—*Arline Broderick*

THE SPARROW

When thrush and robin bid farewell,
When bobolinks have left the dell,
A little bird with dull brown plume
Taps at the window of my room.

When all have flown he lingers still
And sings upon my window sill;
His songs though lacking ecstasy,
Are sweet enough to comfort me.

The little sparrow's a true friend,
Who stays, no matter what the end,
To cheer when lesser friends are gone;
Though life be cold, he lingers on.

Rare is the friend who stays—
Like sparrows through life's dark days,
Most are as larks in southward flight—
They stay as long as days are bright.

—Howard Logan

THE VEIL BETWEEN

I saw a witch fly by my window pane,
Wild rags a-flying and dripping with the rain;
I saw her mutter, turn her head, and stare—
Then—only the gaunt trees beckoned there!

I saw a fairy dancing on a heath
Of heather, lighter than a zephyr's breath.
She pointed, pirouetted—I looked behind;
Only a daffodil swayed in the wind.

I saw a pixie, playing in a pool,
Leap like a white trout when the woods are cool;
Wild laughter mocked me—from the water's sheen
A shadow drifted where her face had been.

One moment brief I glimpsed the great god Pan
At twilight, where the forest rivers ran,
Sobbing an echo on a pipe of reeds—
Puff! he was gone in mist among the weeds.

And one black night I woke and held my breath;
An angel sat and sang a song of death,
And when it vanished, like the close of day—
My sister's soul it carried far away.

—*Katherine Lounberg*

THE WIND'S SORROW

The wind is powerful and free,
  Why does he wail and moan?
No hand may guide him, none restrain,
  But yet the wind is lone!

Yet he is sad; for long ago
  He wooed a lily white;
Oh, she was tall and fair and pure,
  A lovely daughter of light.

He sang a song to tell his love;
  It through the wild woods rang;
Oh, it was sweet, for a tree was his harp;
  And this was the song he sang:

"I've wooed the fronded palm;
I've wooed the grasses fine;
I've wooed the floating cloud;
I've wooed the pine;
I've wooed the violet;
I've wooed the stream
That winding far flows;
I've wooed the fair things
In the heav'ns above,
But thou, oh, lily,
Art my true love!"

But the lily was proud; the lily was cold
As he her petals caressed;
She glanced in anger at the wind
As he his love confessed.

And when the summer took its flight
From the drowsy earth,
She was borne away in winter's arms
To the frozen North.

And so the wind wails sadly
O'er the sea, through the heav'ns above;
But the wind is fickle; he will find
Another fairer love.

—Helen Elvebach

GOD'S WAYS

I never feel afraid in a wood
Or near a brook;
I'd never feel alone if I could
Always have a book.

They seem to be God's chosen ways
Of talking to us here,
And fill in all the lonely days
With happiness and cheer.

—Doyle Watson

FRAGMENTS OF THE NIGHT

Tiny lamps in the velvet of the night,
Twinkling merrily, twinkling bright.
Oh! 'Tis a wondrous sight!
God's stars sending out their light!

Full moon, big and round,
Making shadows on the ground,
Night's Queen—mistily gowned,
Wreathed in smiles—silver crowned.

Mystery—romance in the air—
Stars—moon—everywhere,
Gently wiping out despair,
Leaving Beauty complete and rare.

—Grace Knoblauch

THE CLOCK

What a strange thing the clock is!
It ticks on and on in the same old way—
Minutes—hours—a day—a year—.
And in the performance of its task,
Its old face is wise—with a wisdom
That sees the joy and the heartache,
The love and the sadness—
The life
In each tick of a second.

—Ruby Eggleston

INDIAN LAMENT

Down where the great loon is laughing and laughing
Under the whispering, dead cypress trees,
My Indian maiden is sleeping and sleeping
Along by the side of the murmuring seas.

She calls to me out of the roll of the thunder,
And whispers to me in the sad, sighing wind,
And when on the trail of the mountain's black shadow,
At twilight forever she flits close behind.

I hear in the mocking-bird's song of the morning
The voice of her spirit that walks in the hills.
She echoes and wails in the caves of the canyon,
And the lonely night cry of the white owl she stills.

I can feel her soft touch in the arms of the river.
I see her bright smile in the tide rushing by.
For though she is dust in the heart of the seaside,
The love that I bear for her never can die.

—Katherine Lounberg

ERE THE DAWN IS BORN

Somehow I have grown to love the hush
Prevailing ere the dawn is born;
I love the shadows ere the thrush
Has sung a song to wake the morn.

I've grown to love the pale moon-gleams
Because they let the shadows play,
And let me dream the sweetest dreams,
I could not dream if it were day.

Somehow I have grown to love the night,
Because its shadows help conceal
My precious secrets, which the light
Seems so anxious to reveal.

For 'neath the maple's lacy wings
I hear a lovely voice that sings
Love-songs in sweetest ecstasy,
And my heart is lost in melody.

—Howard Logan

NIGHT WHISTLES

The whistles blow in the dead of the night—
Sad souls that are lost cry forth for the light
  In lugubrious monotone,
Over and over with mad refrain,
A chant that wavers and grows again.
Sobbing in terror and dreadful pain
  Out in the dark, alone.

It seems to thrill me through and through,
In the frenzied way that night sounds do.
  I cower there in the dark.
The whistles mock me far away,
Striving for words that they cannot say.
The night with its shadows has come to stay—
  Ancient and cold and stark.

But I whisper there in the darkness deep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
  And angels guard my bed.
One at my head, and one at my feet,
And the song they sing is low and sweet,
Yet stronger it is than the whistles' bleat
  Out where the light is dead.

—*Katherine Lounberg*

THE GARRET

When wet winds howled about the dripping eaves;
And swished and moaned among the sodden leaves;
And all day long the misty, summer rain
Traced trickling fingers down the window pane;
The garret opened its dusty doors,
Invited us with treasure-laden floors.
To us the cobwebbed nooks were hung with gold,
Enchanted grew the chimney corner's mold,
Where grandma's bonnets and quaint hoopskirts hung
That she wore in the days when she was young.
Strange tales were whispered by the autumn leaves,
And shadows lurked beneath the gloomy eaves.
And wildly beat the rain with sullen din
Unheeded by the noisy shouts within.

The joy inside the garret rings no more,
And dust is thick upon the creaking floor,
And they who loved the attic and its must
Have lived and died and crumbled into dust.
Yet ghosts of laughter, sibilant and shrill,
Within the garret seem to echo still.

—*Katherine Lounberg*

GRAY MAGIC

His weary head inclined in grief
The sun creeps feebly through the gray,
And as he mounts the clouded reef,
He gropes in blindness for his way.
Aged from Summer's revelry—devoid of breath,
Splendorless, in midmost sky, he sinks to death.

In silence disheartening, leafless trees
Stretch their nude arms in leaden air,
And in dreadful sigh, the autumn breeze
Wafts heavenward a woeful prayer.
Heaven's curtains part, and through that Ethereal space,
The white snow winds—and falls with grace.

And though sadness claims my soul,
I hold my sorrow dear as gold,
For in the snow-birds' dreary calls
I hear a note of love, and that enthralls.

—Howard Logan

EVENING

When the sun has sunk
Below that rim of gold,
And the birds have ceased to sing
And gone to rest,
  Comes evening.

Just to sit alone at evening
With the crickets croaking low,
No sound to mar the spell
But a distant tinkling bell,
  At evening,—

Strange thoughts find me at evening
Thoughts of the long lost past
Come to haunt me—come to taunt me
To make me long—alas,
  At evening.

—*Mildred Berntsen*

THE WAVES

O, the waves,
How they leap and wildly weep,
And through the boulders seep
Over many a crew of gallant sailors' graves!

And they beat!
With a roar, on the hoar
Of the pebbles on the shore
And run again with laughing silver feet!

They tinkle
Like a bell beneath the swell
Of the foam that rose and fell,
And laugh and croon in rhythmic twinkle.

How they sing
Through the night, in the light
Of the stars so frosty white,
And across the sands in lilting, tilting swing.

How they howl!
And they shriek, in a freak
Like a ghost that seeks to speak
But is smothered in the folds of its cowl!

Like the sea,
There's unrest and a zest
And a throbbing in my breast
To go off a-wildly tilting, jilting, lilting—Free!

—Katherine Lounberg

THE MIRROR

A mirror lies tarnished and worn
In an old bare room with its ceiling torn.
Long years ago it had been placed
In the king's great palace, with gold encased.
Now it lies here so old and bleak,
And only the rats reflections seek.
No more does the proud court beauty smile
At her image whose beauty does so beguile.
No more shall the gold encasement lure
The beauty lover from the green verdure.
But the glass has memories, dim as itself,
Mellowed and sweet with years.
In the sea of its thought
Lie memories drowned in tears.
A smile,
A frown,
Even a leer,
Love,
Joy,
Perhaps a tear,
A tiny shoe with satin sheer,
The weary eyes of a burdened queen,
The rosy red
Of lovely lips,
  Maybe the ghosts
Of sunken ships.
A lovely sunset,
A broken spear,

Hope
And Faith,
Death,
A wraith,
The coming of Spring—
All beautiful things
Roam free
In that sea.

—*Rose Seff*

THE ADVANCE OF AUTUMN

Song of the west wind sweeping free,
Call of the wild wood loud to me,
Swirl of leaves in mad-capped dance,
Resisting fiercely fall's advance;
Shadow dark and sunlight sheen
In cathedral vaults of forest green,
Warriors bold in flaming red
Stand silent watch o'er summer's bed—
Colors changing gay to drear,
The Phantom tableau of the year.

—*Leonora Straus*

REVERIE

I am glad that I'm alive today;
For whether I wish to work or play
There is something I can do:
Maybe—write a book—or fix a shoe.

—Ruby Eggleston

HOPE

The incense of roses
  Heavy and sweet,
The soft feel of mosses
  Under my feet,
The sound of the willow
  Whispering low,
The call of the swallow,
  The heaven's bright glow—
All in silent mystery
  Bring an earthly hope of eternity.

—Doyle Watson

THE LIPS OF THE TREES

The lips of the trees are singing
A melody soft and low;
The evening lights are bringing
The memories of long ago.

The lips of the trees are talking
In a murmuring undertone;
The shadows of night are stalking,
While I listen all alone.

The lips of the trees are voicing
Their loves, their sorrows, and joys;
The aspens are rejoicing,
Like children around their toys.

The lips of the trees are trying
To tell me they're missing you.
I hear the willows sighing;
Can they be so lonesome too?

—*John Layeux*

OLD ROADS

Old roads all beckon me,
Where'er I go.
They stretch away so temptingly,
And who can know
What they may hide?
A ruined bridge,
A fallen log,
A wondrous view from some high ridge;
A bit of bog,
Flowers too shy to dwell beside the main highway,
Forests, and open spaces wide.
Silence holds sway.

—John Lundgren

NIGHTFALL

'Tis twilight in the woodland.
The summer day is done.
The purple evening shadows
Are shutting out the sun.

Soon the moon comes stealing,
A disc of silvery light,
While here and there a whippoor-will
Is calling out of the night.

Then falls the shroud of silence;
The birds in slumber lie.
The peaceful brook is mirroring
The blackness of the sky.

—Marion Bylund

FOOTHILLS

Out across the prairie,
Like a caravan silhouette,
The hazy foothills loom
In purples, blues, and jet.
The shadows deepen into black,
And then the moon peeps
From behind one hill's crest
And watches the world as she sleeps.
The moon spreads a rim of gold
To margin the hill's summit,
And a wind sways the far-off branches,
And I dream with the beauty of it.
I should like to wander to the hill-tops,
Just to listen to the swaying branches
And to watch the amber moon rise
And to wait till the dawn.

—*Roger Biegert*

WORDS OF WODEN

Skoal Norsemen! Skoal to the Viking seer,
Whose words of Woden show Angleland's bier!

"Gather around ye warriors bold,
Who laugh with scorn at lashing cold,
Who brave the storm in fury rolled
From Valhalla's gates!

"Ye be, indeed, a giant race,
With flowing hair and savage face;
Ye bravely fight with brand and mace,
While death awaits.

"But though our land is glory-wound,
The southern men are northward bound
To ravage all the country round,
Despite the Fates.

"The conqueror's grip is on our soil,
It winds around like serpent's coil,
Engulfed in bondage and in toil,
We Northmen!

"Ye e'en as children shall be taught,
Not as the fiery rovers ought!
Oppressors fear in suffering wrought
By Southmen.

"The Norse shall sail the seas no more;
Weaklings born on Angleland's shore
Shall rule the land forevermore
Instead of Norsemen!"

These things are true, hath said the seer,
So drain the cup to Angleland's bier!
Skoal to the Viking, Skoal!

—Orvar Nelson

THE BELFRY TOWER

What is it that dwells in the belfry tower
In the shadows all alone,
That swings the old bell to and fro
Till it seems to whisper deep and low
After the light has gone?
It startles the pigeons from their perch
On the shadowy rafters in the church
With the haunting ebb and swell.
And people say in the twilight hour
That the wind blows up in the belfry tower
And stirs the ancient bell.
Yet who can say when it mutters low
With a mystic sullen power,
What is it that seems to sob and cry
And make the old bell wail and sigh,
Far up in the belfry tower?

—Katherine Lounberg

MOODS

I saw the rain fall on the street;
I heard the tread of many feet,—
Above me, leaden, stretched the sky;
Past the window, the wind swept by,
But there was freedom in the rain—
The wind was wild, bereft of pain.

The trees bent low beneath the blast,
The houses stood like shadows cast
In grim, gaunt darkness of the night,
Dead, except for twinkling lights
Behind soft curtained window panes.
Back of them, there stretched the lanes
Where ghosts of dreams and lost hopes stalk
To meet with memories that madly mock.

The sea was like a hurricane
With blue waves gone insane,
Whitecapped, gray, leaping high,
To meet the gray of a furious sky.
Now the wind was a horrible cry
As it went on moaning by.

But soon the storm began to die—
The wind became a wistful sigh.
The heavens turned a faint white light
As dawn crept softly into sight—
White dawn, with just a hint of pink
Touching the hills on each wet cheek,
Slipping soft palms on heads that ache,
Bringing peace to hearts that break.

—Ruby Eggleston

*THE LANDLUBBER'S LAMENT

I would I were a bloody buccaneer,
A pirate bold to sweep across the sea,
And face the tossing waves with dauntless sneer,
The conquest of the ocean all for me.

I'd weather every storm that blustered past,
And plunder mighty vessels of their gold;
I'd nail a skull and crossbones to the mast,
And man my ships with fearless men and bold.

I'd wear a flaming sash about my hips;
A pistol and a cutlass at my side.
I'd swagger on the decks of bloody ships,
And cast my spy-glass o'er the bloody tide.

And all would tell my tales with bated breath—
Of treasures buried deep on every shore.
I'd snap my fingers in the face of Death,
And care not how the boiling breakers roar.

I'd rove to every port and every land,
And scour the mighty ocean to and fro,
With death to all that dared to meet my band,
In Davy Jones's locker down below.

But oh, the days of piracy are dead,
The roaming buccaneers have set their sails.
No more the sea with human blood is red,
For time has gone—and they are only tales.

—*Katherine Lounberg*

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IBSEN, THE IMMORTAL

Oh, Ibsen, how unjust were men
To know thee not! And yet despise
Thy works, because they held no bribes!
How closed their hearts, how dimmed their eyes!

Thou passed thy life as the great moon,
In silence, yet did throw to earth
A radiant light that we saw not.
A gleam of wisdom and of worth.

Thy truth seemed not a welcome guest,
Thy moral sense abstruse from view.
Thy characters too real to please,
Thy ideals recognized by few.

All Paris mocked thy essence pure,
All Europe held thee on its breath.
We understood thee not, until
There came a new creator, Death!

Strange potency that did compel
All slander from our tongues to flee.
There was revealed on day of death,
Great moralist, great man, in thee.

Oh, Ibsen! Thou immortal art!
Still living on, though thou be dead!
We recognize the purpose now
Of mighty Norway's foremost head!

—Dorothy Nash

A CROCUS

Its petals brightening the hillside,
Brightening the barren hillside,
With its sisters on the hillside,
A tiny crocus grew.

Hiding down amid the grasses,
Hiding mid the windswept grasses,
Mid the browned and frosted grasses,
A tiny crocus grew.

Encouraged always by the sunshine,
By the warm, life-giving sunshine,
By the dewdrops and the sunshine,
A tiny crocus grew.

And the grasses brown were gladdened,
And the sun above was gladdened,
And gay Spring herself was gladdened,
As the crocus grew.

—*Helen Elvebach*

DOWN A WINDING ROAD

I'd be satisfied
If I could ride
  All night
  By moonlight
Down a winding road.

The stars, I'd like to see
Twinkling merrily
  Above
  With love
For a winding road.

And then—in early dawn
When stars and moon are gone,
  Turn home
  No more to roam
Down that winding road.

—*Grace Knoblauch*

IN SPAIN

That's where the sun is always shining,
That's where the skies are always blue,
Where every cloud has a silver lining,
Where stately castles one can view—
In Spain.

That's where the damsels are the fairest
With sable hair and ruby lips.
That's where the costumes are the rarest;
There crystal waters are dotted with ships—
In Spain.

There Spanish belles from their balconies
List to their troubadours' songs of love,
And they, their troubadours to please,
Drop a blossom from above—
In Spain.

—Doris Walker

THE HOME PORT

On the lampshade was a ship
With sails flying,
A worthy galleon plowing
Proudly through the waves;
Its flag was a streak of color
Against the sunset of the sky;
Inside were little lights
Winking faintly, growing bright;
From the ship came tinkling music
Mingled with a song
As eyes peered eagerly at
The shore line dim and dark.
Each heart was filled with gladness,
Even though a tear stood in his eye,
For the ship of dreams was sailing
Into port from a trip across the seas.
And even on a lampshade
Dreams may live and die,
And live again, you see.

—Ruby Eggleston

ROMANCE COMES RIDING

Out of the wind I hear you call,
  Over the summer sea,
Dust of the ages of old Romance—
  Springing to life for me.

* * * * * * *

Here is the court of a country's King,
  (Love and a bird in the brier bush singing!)
Laughter and life in the dim halls ring,
  (Love and a courtyard fountain flinging!)

"Page of the grey eyes, proud and scornful,
  (His was the love that the nightingale dreamed of!)
High born princess, tenderly mournful,
  (Hers was the love that the bright fountain gleamed of!)
See how the moon on the guardsmen's armour
  Glints like the flash of a falling blade!
Leave not the castle's glorious glamour,
  Lad of the daring heart, wistful maid."

Oh, glitter of swords in the summer night!
  Oh, red, red blood on the golden sand!

"Fair princess, away in the still starlight,
Death and thy lover go hand and hand."

Kings and their countries have come and have gone,
(Love and a bird in the brier bush singing!)
Centuries lift on another dawn,
(Love and a fountain gaily ringing!)
Days of romance have passed away
(Somewhere, always, a bird is singing!)
But love lives forever and a day.
(Somewhere, always, a fountain is flinging!)

—Katherine Lounberg

TO A WARBLER

You sit upon the farmer's fence
As though you own the world,
Warbling to the sunlit skies
At your heart's content;
It's queer you never strain or break
Your happy little throat,
Voicing love to everything
On a summer day like this.
Tell me, tiny warbler,
Are you a kiss,
Or just a broken wing
From heaven?

—John Layeux

FIRST SNOWFALL

Frozen raindrops now are falling
From the gray and misty eyes
Of November skies.
Soft snow weaves
All the oak and maple leaves
In a loom of white.

Northern winds are madly calling
Their sweethearts of the South,
And from each one's mouth
A chill breath—
Warns all those who pass, that death
Stalks the woods tonight.

—John Layeux

THE LAKE

In perfect bliss, with ne'er a sigh,
It lay a mirror to the sky,
And little birds of every hue
Shone clear against the sapphire blue.

At noonday when the sun was high,
And breezes whispered passing by,
It lay in all its wondrous beauty,
So calm, that silence seemed a duty.

At sunset, as the day grew old,
It lay a lovely flood of gold,
And then a ripple seemed to say
It held a grief of parting day.

Shadows came, and with them moonlight,
And breezes, harpists of the night,
They played a tune, 'twas so entrancing,
The little lake soon fell to dancing.

—Howard Logan

AN AUTUMN LEAF

I wish I were an autumn leaf,
Dancing and frolicking along,
Tumbling and rollicking to the song
Of the merry autumn wind.

How lovely I'd be,
How gay and carefree!
I'd give myself up
To the rhythm of the breeze
And fling myself out
Upon this mad, glad world
Just a tiny morsel—of eternity.

—Pollyanna Auerbach

"PRIMAVERA"

Rolling fields and wind-swept trees,
Fragrance carried by the breeze,

Hazy mist of April showers,
Opening buds of sweet spring flowers,

Robin's love song in the air,
Apple blossoms everywhere,

Lilacs blooming along the way,
Violet blue, and crocus gay,

Rose-red dawn, a golden noon,
Twilight gray, a silver moon,

A world alive with growing things—
These are joys that spring-time brings.

—Anne Condon

WITH THE WANING LIGHT

In the sunset light, I see
The faded things that used to be:
Echoes of happiness, joy undimmed,
Shadows of sorrow, softly limned,
Ghosts of ships gone out to sea,
Phantoms of dream-friends, wandering free.

High yearnings the winter sunset brings;
Thoughts of ethereal, lofty things,
A vague desire, a trembling fear,—
A longing for warmth and the hearth-fire's cheer,
Aspirations unfolded, a secret half-told—

All these come in with the waning light
That follows the sun on a winter night.

—Lillian Matheson

RAIN

A million dancing devils on a misty window-pane,
A million twirling Dervishes in the legions of the rain,
A horde of savage Tartars from the borderland of Night,—
A band of mystic nomads in the eerie, weary light,
A caravan from Sou-do-San, the treasure house of dreams,
With a load of gaudy baubles, bound with molten, golden beams,
A swarthy pack of pirates from the stronghold of the deep,
Who with shriekish mock of laughter rob their victim of his sleep—
These are the trouping thousands
That in ever-changing form,
In fantastic dress and diverse way,
Serve the dictates of the Storm.

—*Edward Straus*

SANCTITY

Lightly, as a bit of thistledown
Floating in the breeze,
The musician's nimble fingers
Caressed the ivory keys,
And coaxed from them
Fanciful melodies:
The sprightly dance of an autumn leaf,
The heart-broken sobs that come with grief.
The solemn, stately, slender pine,
The beauty of a creeping vine,
The happy song of a bird on wing,
The timid sprouts in early spring,
The roar and boom of a thunder shower,
The charm and sweetness of fragrant flower,
The calm, celestial notes of love
In the singing of angels in Heaven above,
Peace, beauty, happiness, woe—
All came from the soul of the organ.

—*Grace Knoblauch*

DANSANT

Do you see
Those trees—a long, lank line of them,
Stretched out on the horizon,
swaying—
swaying before the breeze?

Oh, the West is a rosy glow,
And the day is shadowing
Those trees like black silhouettes,
swaying—
swaying before the breeze.

Can you not see
Those trees
Bending in the soft wind,
swaying,
swaying before the breeze?

Oh, they are to the ground now—
Now they rise; now they fall
And they bow with rhythm,
swaying—
swaying before the breeze.

Will you not see
Those trees—a long, lank line of them,
Stretched out on the horizon,
swaying—
swaying before the breeze?

Oh, you can not see!
You are blind to grace and beauty
For you are blind to those trees,
swaying—
swaying before the breeze.

—*Roger Biegert*

MY GRANDMA

A little lady five feet two,
With a school-girl smile
And eyes blue as the sky
On a midsummer day in June,
My Grandma.

A little lady with a white
wool shawl and a grey gown,
With a smile like an angel's
And cheeks like a baby's,
Hair, once upon a time as fair
as Helen's of Troy,
Now turned gray,
My Grandma.

—*Stella Popko*

STEEL BLUE

From the railing
Of the bridge
I saw the lights
Hovering above a trestle.
They were lonely,
But not so lonely
As the steel blue waters below.
They formed a fitting picture—
These two—
The trestle lights, the steel blue waters
Under a steel blue, starless sky.

—Roger Biegert

A SEPTEMBER NIGHT

The autumn leaves
Softly croon
A lullaby.
Shining high,
The harvest moon
Inter-weaves.

The wheat and corn,
Everywhere,
Reflect the light
Of the night.
The colder air
Heralds morn.

—John Layeux

FAIRY GROVE

Be careful, there's a fairy hiding
somewhere in this grove;
Step lightly and look all around, then
through it you may rove.
Turn up each dainty petal of the
violets blue and gold;
Perhaps you'll see the footprints
of a tiny elfin bold.

Just see the pretty butterflies that
flit from flower to flower.
Oh, do not try to catch them, for
perchance this very hour
Those blue and yellow beauties
might be fairies in disguise,
And maybe they are watching from
their tiny twinkling eyes.

—Jeanette Olney

HAPPINESS

Stars,
Tonight I walked o'er a path of moonlight,
Silver and shining;
And after I had walked,
It shone on as bright as before.
With my eye
I followed the path
Straight up to the moon
Which stood at a rakish tilt—
Poised on one foot
In the center of the sky;
I laughed aloud,
And along the silver
Came a strain, a ripple, of music
In answer to the laugh of me.
And perched above me,
The moon fluttered her train
Of light;
And smiling,
With a twinkle in her gleam,
She spoke to me:
"Child, smile on
Forever and a day;
Dance on—
With your eyes on the sun,
And your feet on the Milky Way:
The name of Youth
Dies in a day,
But the spirit of it
Lives through Eternity." —*Ruby Eggleston*

TRANSMIGRATION

Within the Past, that yet remembered, lives
The thought, familiar though by centuries dimmed,
That long ago I lived—it seems to me
I led the fiercest fight the puma gives,
But once too slow to slash; the moon red-rimmed
Saw stretched the brawny puma's bloody mass.
Fled I in terror then, and crossed a sea
Where far above the clouds there lay a pass.

Upon this barren height a flower grew,—
A soul to hold communion with the stars,
And strive to rule supreme the heartless cold—
(O lone bud, pray no evil thee imbue!)
But one drear night, the warrior planet Mars,
Proclaimed victor the army of the snow.
Driven fast before—to that land of old;
Famed Egypt's knowledge of so little men know.

In later years there sat upon a throne
A king who held dominion o'er the great;
But in no wise knew, the realm's most learned sage
The flower that had strived to grow alone
Was yet the king in all his splendid state.
Alas! they found his spirit fled one night.
Outside the gates a leper, far in age
Half dead,—there crouched the king—in all his
might.
The great are not the great, they are the poor!
The poor are not the poor, they are the great!

—Orvar Nelson

SMOKE

The smoke is rising into the sky.
Like a mantle of dusk it sails on high;
Then gradually it fades away
And leaves a shadow of pearly gray
Exquisitely soft—a floating dream.

—Rose Seff

GOD HELPS THOSE

I turned to the wise for help one day;
"God helps those," I heard them say,
"Who help themselves," and they turned away.
I turned to the rich, with hope that they
Would give me a push along the way.
"God helps those who help themselves,"
And they left me all alone.
I turned to the poor for help with doubt;
They answered me with derisive shout.
"Who help themselves," said the poor men,
"God helps," and I turned from them.
I labored hard, and I got ahead;
"God helps those," with the rest I said,
"Who help themselves."

—Hannah Harris

STARS

O, little bits of fire in a darkened sky,
Like candle lights in windows, glowing there on high!
Some are twinkling timid,
Some are boisterous bold,
All are shining new,
All are ancient old.
On a hill-top, alone, alone, with just a night,
I often feel the wonder of a star's soft light.

—Irene Flaskerd

WHY TRAVEL?

Why do you want to travel when you're old,
All over Europe and in distant clime,—
To Egypt where the burning sand's like gold,
To Germany to view the mighty Rhine,
To Venice with its canals and gondoliers?
Why go to sunny Spain and gay Paree?
Why not stay home and look around, my dears,
At old familiar sights? That apple tree
You climbed in as a boy, remember now—
The brook you fished in for the speckled trout,
The daisy-dotted meadow, old Bess, the cow,
The cool green woods where chipmunks frisked about—
These sights are yours and yours alone to keep.
It is so commonplace to sail the deep.

—Mary Helen Richards

CROCUS AND PUSSYWILLOW

A little bit of blowing,
  A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
  And crocuses will show!

On every twig that's lonely,
  A new green leaf will swing,
On every patient tree-top,
  A thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
  A little bit of rain,
The bright, blue sky for greeting—
  Then violets again!

Below the frozen hillside,
  The pussywillows swing,
For every day of winter now
  Is one day nearer spring!

—*Beulah Lund*

RIVER MIST

This morning the mist is like a ribbon
On the river,
Veiling the opposite bank,
Leaving only the tree tops unhidden,
Stretching to the sky.

The sun is rising now
And it shines a myriad of colors,
Rose, lavender, yellow, green,
Into the shrouded whiteness
Of the mist.

The mist drifts as the current
Down the channel,
Exposing the murky brown of the waters,
Its eddies, its cataracts, its whirlpools.
It is gone now.

—Roger Biegert

EBONESQUE

This is the tale the Genie told
As he gazed at the rolling Kyang-ze;
This is the tale the Genie told
And told to none save me:

"Slave I am to the dull bronze lamp,
And I bow to its magic sway;
For shackled am I to its siren voice
Till forever and a day.

"Born I was 'fore the dawn of time;
I shall be when its sun grows gray,
For scrolled in black in the 'Book of Life'
'Thrall to the Lamp shall serve—till forever
has passed away.'

"By the silent Nile and the roaring Tiber,
Have I seen the works of man;
Silent now and still forever
Stand the ruins they began.

"I have seen him, 'The Messiah,'
Suspended 'gainst the sky,
With riven hands and bloody brow,
Stretched o'er a cross to die;

"Have seen the mumbling pilgrim
And his sackcloth-covered band
Invade the plains of Indus
And the Saharas' scorching sand;

"Have seen the hosts of Paladin
Surge on to the bloody fray,
And in iron line and serpentine
The Saracen bar the way.

"Aye, I've heard the crash
And seen the flash
Of the long swords' shining steel
As mumbled hoarse
On its downward course
It mouthed its battle peal;

"And the whistling swing
Like a living thing
'Fore the axes cleave the mail
And the blood aflood
On the sucky mud
When the mace-men end their tale.

"I've seen unfold the desert's gold,
Sun-sheared on distant rim,
And watched it turn to silver
As the blazing lamp grew dim;

"Seen the silhouette
Of the minaret,
Heard the turbaned Moslems' prayer,
Smelt the scent of musk
On the dreamy dusk
In the street of the 'Thousand Stair.'

"I shall see all the days of the future
As I have seen all the days of the past;
For I was born the first of all,
And I shall die the last."

This is the tale the Genie told
As he gazed at the rolling Kyang-ze;
This is the tale the Genie told
And told to none save me.

—*Edward Straus*

THE INTANGIBLE

A fairy sprite ran up the stair,
Clasping a moonbeam into its hair;
But when I attempted to stop its flight,
It slipped out-doors into the night,
And left me wondering there.

—*Lillian Matheson*

THE PICTURES ON THE WALL

Oh, pictures on the wall,
How very queer you seem to me
As you decorate the hall
With your simple faces all!
I scarce suppress a grin of glee—
You're a funny family tree!

You're so stern, I hardly dare
To wonder what you want
When you stare—stare—stare
With such a lordly air;
All frivolry you seem to taunt.
How we shriek with jeering laughter at your vaunt!

But I suppose that time
Goes not on, but rather we
Go forever on past time
Just like a wise old mime.
When we're gone—waves in a sea—
Some future age will howl with glee.

—Orvar Nelson

HOPE AND I

Soaring aloft like two larks in the morn,
Swelling our being with happiness sweet,
We wing headlong. By clouds of despair torn,
Between the mountains of sorrow we meet—
Hope and I!

—Roger Biegert

BEAUTY LIVES FOREVER

I paused beside a rose at dawn,
And as I watched it shake the dew,
And part its petaled lips in drowsy yawn,
A sadness rent my heart in two.

Then unaware I chanced to ask
This fragrant thing which knew no grief,
If death were not its greatest task,
When life was so unearthly brief.

It whispered in the softest voice
An answer teemed with joyous cheer,
"I should not sorrow—but rejoice,
For I shall bloom again next year."

—Howard Logan

LAURELS IN THE MOONLIGHT

The leaves are falling round me fast
  As through the barren wood I go;
The chilling wind is but the last
  Of autumn tokens before the snow.

The white moon sheds a dimming light
  On russet-colored paths ahead.
But yet the wood is not like night
  Because the laurels are not dead.

Fronting the aspen and the ash,
  Their green seems guarding the bleak trees
Against a dark night's wintry lash
  Of winds, which whistle and freeze.

—*Roger Biegert*

THE FOUNTAIN

Oh mystic, playful fountain,
  How beautiful you seem,
In all your glimmering radiance,
  In all your silvery gleam!

You catch the morning sunbeams,
  And change to shimmering gold;
Then sunset's matchless colors
  Reflected—I behold.

And in the mellow moonlight
When stars are in the sky,
When you are radiant, sparkling,
I'm loath to pass you by.

—Doris Walker

A BURNING TEAR

The breezes sigh;
The willows weep;
A night bird's cry;
Then silence deep.
The stars appear
Throughout the sky.
The night is clear;
The moon shines high.
A burning tear
Falls from the air;
One moment's fear,
And then a prayer.
The breezes sigh;
The willows weep;
The night flies by
While shadows creep.

—John Layeux

MY JOURNEY

Must I travel through the shadow,
  On my journey to the sea,
With no stars to guide or follow,
  On this road to destiny?

If the stars were only shining,
  I could easily find my way;
So, against a tree, reclining,
  I must wait 'til break of day.

Since that night I think and wonder
  Why God did not light the sky.
Was it fate that I should blunder?
  Can that be the reason why?

—*John Layeux*

DREAMS

I go to bed
With dreams in my heart,
Struggling there—
Seething in my brain:
Crying to be said—
Dim things,
Shadows almost,
That meet other shadows,

Entwine and lose themselves
In one another:
More shadows—
Yet how distinct,
How very real they are,
Faces, forms
That I know,
And will always remember.
I go to bed
With them living;
And before I sleep,
They move on the dark wall,
In the dark room;
And their lives spread
Before me:
Happy, choking, terrible;
They grip me.
Then I sleep,
And the dreams go on,
Real bubbles
That are tinted,
And will never break.
In the morning I awake
With a desire
To make my dreams
Tangible:
So I write them down.

—*Ruby Eggleston*

TO THE ANCIENT

High upon a craggy mount
  Rests a city lone and gaunt;
Against the halo of the moon
  Its ruins are etched to weirdly loom—
A city where no sound is heard
  Of laughter, shout, or song of bird;
But only silence reigns supreme,
  King of shadow, king of dream.
Then in the gloom again I see
  Those visions of lost nobility,
When haughty monarch ruled in pomp
  And happy children used to romp
Along the white streets' marble way
  Where now the mosses strangely stray.
The crumbling archways ring no more
  To muttered tread of warrior lore.

The mighty temples reared on high
  No more do gleam in azure sky,
But lie in great discordant heaps
  Upon the gray hills' barren sweeps.
The walls still grimly seek to hold
  The maddened hordes of warriors bold,
Who, like some great onrushing flood,
  Swept over them till drenched with blood,

There rose the crimson gown of War
Where Peace had gently lain before.
Oh, could they know that long ago
The fetid grass began to grow
Among the gilded minarets,
Upon the walls where sun had set,
And long had lain in saddened sorrow
To wait the dawn of new tomorrow.

Beneath the mighty masses spread
The gloomy hold of dungeon bed,
Where cowering captive hoped in vain
To catch the glow of day again,
Or wearied slave in dismal den
Raised his face to the God of men
And prayed with trembling lips so cold
That He would soon his soul enfold.
There played upon the walls of gloom,
The flickering shades of torture-room
Where shriek of victim, man or maid,
Resounded through the mystic shade
Among the shadows wont to tell
The whispered echoes of a hell
Come back to bridge the widened span
Between mortal and eternal man.

—*Eugene Hanley*

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST ISLE

A Poem of Fancy

I

I heard a wondrous legend old,
That many ancient sailors told.
They said that out to sea by many a mile,
O'erspread by opal light they saw an isle,
And on it clothed in silver sheen,
Beauteous dancing naiads seen.
Idyllic music, Heaven's lore,
From emerald waves on coral shore;
And odors of celestial jessamine,
The zephyrs wafted from the shore divine;—
But as they looked, the isle enchanted, and an enchantress, too,
Blazed up in colored glory, then 'neath the waves was lost to view.

II

Cold reason of the world forbade,
Ridiculed, and called me mad,
When something past that reason's crest
Called me on a fairy quest.
Then gathered I a score of men,—a goodly crew,
Who tired with this weary world fain sought a new.
Our ship lay in the harbor bright,
The Albatross awaiting flight,
To find an El Dorado where
All happy live without a care.

We mortals seek a land of dreams;
A bubble frail to man it seems.

III

Twenty Years Later

For twenty years, the seas we've combed,
To many different lands we've roamed,
A phantom ship by madmen manned;
In vain we've searched for fairy strand,
And now, when half the crew are dead,
Our doom in seas uncharted read.
But still past icebergs Northward steer.
Mayhap we die; we do not fear;—
Mayhap we chance upon that place
Where thousands went—a mystery race.
Are all these bergs of ice in splendor grand
Imperial sentinels guarding priceless land?
But though the place exists, it is not found,
And foolish nations squabble o'er the ground.

IV

The food is gone, we starve, we freeze,
There are hardly any open seas!
We fight! fight! onward fight!
Through white, white, a world of white!
There's silence! silence! silence in the air!
Stillness here, stillness there, stillness everywhere.
This morn, although the pole we near,
The temperate sea from ice is clear,
Behold! behold! a land we see,

That stretches far to port and lee.
With joy, our feeble hands set every sail,
To gleaming cities fair our tams we veil.
On toward the shore we speed with wonder.
A jar! a crash! the reef has rent the ship asunder.

—*Orvar Nelson*

ESSAY

A REVERIE OF AN OLD GRANDMOTHER

HOW I love the summer nights—to feel the darkness come and enfold me like a robe; to hear no sound except perhaps the song of the crickets. Sometimes old Annie wheels me out here into the garden. Then I sit alone content to inhale the fragrance of my flowers—the Sweet Williams, the mignonettes, and the pink and red phlox. I remember so well when I planted my first garden. John and I did it when we came back from our honeymoon. We used to sit and dream often on summer nights. But now John's gone. It's only five years since he died and two since I had my stroke, yet God's been good to me. Mary and Bob have taken good care of me. Of course, they don't understand why I like to sit out here in the dark and dream. They don't realize what a garden of memory I have.

—Now my star has come out. There it is, ever in the West. It seems cold and far away, but still it seems to shine and twinkle just for me. Hark, I hear my daughter's voice, "Mother, come in here. What are you thinking of, Annie, to leave her in the dark? Come in, mother, and hear Junior imitate the man in the comedy."

"I'm coming, daughter; don't blame Annie. I just like to sit and dream out here. I like to think of those bygone days when John and I used to sit here and watch the new moon rise—"

"Yes, yes, mother, but we can't have you getting depressed. Come in here, where it's cheerful. Junior,

show grandma your new trick. See, mother, he's just as good as Harold Lloyd."

"Fine, Junior, here's some peppermint—"

"No, not now, Junior. No candy between meals."

"That doesn't hurt the child; Mary, I've had five children and—"

"It's different, now, mother. Annie, it's mother's bedtime."

"Yes, it's different now," mused the old lady. "John's gone, the children are all grown up, and here am I, left dreaming—just dreaming."

—*Helen Peterson*

HERITAGE

THE snow had fallen steadily for three days. At first it gave promise of being only a light flurry, but as time went on, the wind shifted to the north, bringing with it a dreaded, biting cold.

An old man moved restlessly from side to side on his rough board cot, staring fixedly through the window facing the trail.

One week ago his two companions had left for the nearest trading post to sell their furs and buy food. Many times before they had gone on similar errands and not returned for ten days—that was before the old man had felt age creeping upon him. This time he had almost urged them to hurry back.

Now sharp pains shot through all parts of his body until he could only lie still muttering through his teeth. He began to feel uncomfortably cold. The fire had gone out, and he was too weak to rekindle it. He made a last desperate effort to see the trail. Was someone coming? Yes, he could discern a moving object! His pulse quickened, and his pain seemed to leave him. He waited an instant; then that cold, clammy perspiration, caused by extreme fear, covered his body. The object was only a swaying fir tree.

He sank exhausted to his pillow. He could hear the wind now as it blew, twirling the snow in blinding fury against the windows; he could hear it first low, then high and shrill as it came through the cracks in the walls, seeming to mock him in a ruthless, maddening laugh.

Presently he sank into that deep slumber which comes so easily to the cold and exhausted.

Morning dawned in the Arctic region on a serene and beautiful world. No sound came from the little cabin hidden on the hillside among the firs—not even the measured breathing of the old man.

The North had again scored in claiming her own as a heritage.

—*Doyle Watson*

OLD BARNS

IN these days of small, compact garages, we see few barns. The ones that do remain are ill-kept and dilapidated. Most of them have only remnants of the once bright red paint showing in patches. More and more they are being torn down and destroyed. Today on farms there are fine new specialized structures—silos, machine sheds, cattle stalls, stables—instead of the roomy old building which used to contain the horses and cows, their fodder, and all the farm equipment. Even the family surrey and a smart rig for the young son found room in the old fashioned barn.

I think of two barns that are left in the memories of my childhood days. One was at "Grandpa's." It was a large, roomy stable, rather musty with old hay and dust but none-the-less fascinating for us. Away at the back in one corner, was a veritable mountain of old magazines over which we pored in the dim light that filtered through chinks and knot-holes. There were trunks filled with the most marvelous things for "dress-up"; there were remnants of paint in old pails; there were piles of tumble-down furniture which was seized for our play-house.

Best of all, there was the loft, reached only by extreme effort. Small grips for our hands and irregularly shaped and sized steps led precariously upward. But oh, after the top was reached, we found a lovely room filled with sweet-scented alfalfa! An old broom com-

mandeered from the woodshed, and many pairs of hands soon cleared a "dandy" place for a house. As much of the old furniture as we could invent a use for, was, with difficulty and many a hurt finger or bruised knee, brought up and placed at a convenient angle. Such jolly times as we had there, arranging that loft and bringing our friends up!

On the outside was a long sloping roof terminated by the top of the corn-crib. By climbing up the side of the crib we reached this low, almost flat, roof. Then on up we would go, way up the roof of the barn to the ridge-pole. Danger? We never thought of that. Down we would slide, again and again. Oh, a wonderful play-house was Grandpa's barn!

The other barn was at our home in a small Iowa town. It had a considerable tilt to one side and was exceedingly loose and shaky. Although smaller than the one at Grandpa's, it was big enough to hold us and our fun. Its loft also was the scene of many an interesting event—interesting to us at least. Here the hay was still older, and there were probably rats; but that did not bother us in the least. A roll of tar-paper covered by an old fleece-lined coat with a sofa-back behind it, made a wonderful davenport. A chair without legs mounted on a box was a seat de luxe. An inverted barrel covered with a square of brightly colored cloth made an excellent table. Tar-paper was our carpet, and boxes were used for almost everything. We formed a girls' club up there, and such times as we had in our secret meetings trying to keep the boys away! What delightful

plays we dramatized when the sofa became a sedan and the chair a king's throne!

We had no mechanical toys, but nothing could be more fun than the pulley which the boys rigged up for us (oh, yes, we called upon them when we needed any assistance). And I am sure that no electric train or magic lantern would have been half so exciting as our games of Wild-west in the barn.

Some of my happiest childhood days were spent in barns, and I think that a boy or girl who has never played in one has missed much joy and pleasure.

—*Margaret Guthrie*

ATTICS

WHAT a pitiful mistake is being made today in the construction of our modern bungalows! Conservation of space has so rapidly become a dominant factor in building the average home that it tends to take away the dignity and the sense of beauty which has been implanted in us by old-fashioned dwellings. Where are the large rooms that we used to take such comfort in, the fire-place which seemed to greet us so heartily, the big bay-windows, the colored glass, and most of all that field of adventures, the attic, without which any building should be denied the title of home?

What a pity it is that some people have so little regard for what is beautiful—I would almost say, holy. When I reminisce over those childhood years of mine from eight to fifteen, and think of just what my attic meant to me, it is impossible for me to conceive of any children of my own crowded into a two-room kitchenette, stifled by the nearness of the wall, with no source of recreation to compensate.

The attic was for me a solution of all problems with which I was confronted. When Dad spanked me for disobeying him, I found consolation there, and sometimes even reassurance. On days when it was too wet to go outside, a pirate's tale of Captain Kidd's bold adventures held me spellbound throughout the gentle pattering of the rain. When I fell in love with the girl next door, I carried my dreams to the attic; and there I sat in ecstasy for hours at a time, staring out of the window

at the sacred dwelling place of my goddess. When I failed in school (I am ashamed to say I sometimes did), I brought my troubles to the attic. The atmosphere this time proved to be an incentive for work, and before long, I had raised my grades to a satisfactory standard. On days when I felt that my military genius needed expression, I would go to the attic, take the swords down, which my uncle had brought home from the war, and there I would stand in the middle of the room stabbing at the old suit of armor that stood in the corner. I can remember one day when I unfortunately made a rather successful pass at this iron man; and before I was aware of what had happened, it had crashed to the floor with a bang. The next definite sensation which I could remember was that one which usually followed when Dad and I got together. Mother later told me that he had been sitting in a rocking chair reading the newspaper when, unceremoniously, his head was introduced to a piece of plaster. It was some time before I got over the feeling of that little incident both mentally and physically.

Mother usually sent me to the attic on the occasions when I was bad. She would not allow me to go outside, but she thought she was inflicting still further punishment by not allowing me to remain down-stairs. In reality, I was having the time of my life up there, finding new books or looking over the family album and "meeting up" with my predecessors.

The old mahogany bed which Mother had discarded had been placed in the attic for storage. At times I'd

lie upon this bed for hours, my feet in the air, my head in my hands, reading some of the most fascinating tales that a child of my age could comprehend. These stories proved a rather strong stimulant to my imagination. I even went so far as to act out their plots. The dilapidated side-board at the far corner of the room furnished a perfect villain, with the over-stuffed sofa-pillow acting as the heroine. I was, of course, the dashing Romeo who furnished all the action for this breath-taking melodrama.

Literally, I ripped that side-board full of so many holes in my sincere endeavor to be romantic, that Mother finally chased me out of the attic and forbade my setting foot upon those premises again until I had promised to make amends, and to subdue my idiosyncrasies.

Little chance has the lad of today to experience these adventures or to satisfy his longings for amusement. The modern home is such an obstacle to self-expression! We think of it in connection with speed, efficiency, luxury—everything that is material and modern. There is nothing interesting about it; there is nothing quaint. There is nothing comfortable, and above all, nothing that is inspiring.

I have always believed that character analysis is a waste of time, when there are such things as attics to take its place. People can be judged by whether they have attics or whether they haven't; as to what they're like, or what they're not like. For instance, I can't imagine a grandmother without an attic in which she

stores away the things that are dear to her. Grandmothers are made that way. They love quaint things, things that are interesting. Where is a better place in the world to find such things than in the attic?

There is little need of judging people by their dress, mannerisms, or even actions. Just ask to see their attics. That is a far better method of knowing and understanding human nature. There is very little they do not know, and very little they will not tell us. I firmly believe that they are the measures of our character; they are the mirrors of our souls.

—Don Cassidy

FENCES

THERE are fences and fences. There is the high, prim, iron fence bristling with austerity and sharp spikes, that keep folks out of the grounds of an old-time mansion. There is the high wall around the prison that keeps folks in. But all fences and walls have one thing in common. They are made to keep people from going somewhere. In some cases they succeed. The barbed-wire fence keeps many away from the orchard. But some boys crawl through; and, though the sharp barbs rip the "bosom of their breeches," the boys get the apples.

Every treasure of life, that is worth a wooden nickel, has its fences around it: the fence of public opinion, the fence of ridicule, the fence of pride. To the many, these fences are real barriers that effectively guard the wealth behind; but, to the few, they are merely stiles to walk over on the way to the treasure within. We all want the fruit, but some are afraid of the obstacles. However, if you want to get the apples, you'll have to climb the fence.

Many fences have a much more personal meaning than just that of an incentive toward a goal. There is an old, much carved and whittled white fence on the bank of a steep ravine just off the Mississippi River. At the bottom of the ravine, directly below the fence, is a miniature Minnehaha Falls (appropriately named Minniegiggle), over which a little stream rushes boldly in spring, dejectedly in summer. I often come alone and

sit on this old fence and dream, and watch the squirrels give acrobatic exhibitions in the tree tops. The noisy, jolly blue jays make much ado about nothing. There is a sedate, corpulent old wood-chuck who sits nearby at the door of his den with the most self-satisfied air as if he were king of creation. And I feel so absolutely content and so positively lazy that I never even think of disputing his claim. Sometimes, if I have been very quiet and haven't fallen off my perch more than five or six times, a silent brown rabbit will suddenly appear, like a shadow from nowhere, and will soon as silently leave, like a ghost. In these surroundings I become so lazy and comfortable, draped awkwardly around a rail of my fence, that I often forget to think or even to dream. I simply live and enjoy it. In remarking on my "lazitude" on such occasions, a witty friend has said that, from a distance, he can't tell me from a fence post; but that he watches for an hour or two; and, if something moves, he knows it is a post.

Sometimes I come to this same place with a tall, lanky, philosophical friend of mine. We usually start out for a long hike; but, when we get to the fence we hesitate, and then, by common but unspoken consent, we mount the top rail.

If my friend feels particularly happy, he entertains me with a volume of funny stories. If he feels blue, he lashes everything and everybody (including myself) with the most biting satire. If we both feel talkative, we discuss all the weighty problems of the universe. We usually find solution for each difficulty, too. I'll bet a

fifty-cent sundae that, if the diplomats and statesmen of the world would get together in a friendly way on a rail fence, they, too, would find easier and better solutions to their problems.

I know that I owe a great deal of happiness to my dreams, my friend, and my fence. I think that fences get much too little consideration. If everyone had an old white fence in a quiet spot on which he could sit and dream and really live for a little while each week, the world would have fewer neurotics, and the number of popular "complexes" would be greatly diminished.

—Roberts Davies

STORY

BOURGUARD'S APRIL FOOL

BOURGUARD did not like his landlady, but that was not strange. Bourguard's landlady did not like him. Then, Bourguard did not like children and, of course, his landlady did. At least, there were eight little Walzers to demand the landlady's attention and love, and to annoy Bourguard.

Things had not been running on oiled wheels for four or five months, and now that March had come and Mrs. Walzer said it was time to let the fires go out, Bourguard began to think that he might find an atmosphere more congenial to his tastes and likings.

The whole trouble had originated when Bourguard had first taken the little back bedroom at 920 Blackwell Street and had stored his bulky paraphernalia in the woodshed. He might have known that a Dutch bachelor of forty-nine could not live in "heavenly peace" with a stout, energetic German of twenty-nine, with little pug-nosed and pig-tailed, noisy and shining boys and girls from two months to twelve years of age. But he tried it, and before the newness of a lodger wore off, things went on with comparative smoothness. Bourguard dressed his dolls for his "baby shows," read his German dramas and his Dutch papers, ate his dry bread, and drank his black coffee at the breakfast table without a word to the family.

It was in early November that he handed tickets to Mr. Walzer. "I gif a show vonce on Vensday, und you come yet vonce, eh?" There were three tickets,

and so Gretchen, the eldest, went with Mr. and Mrs. Walzer. The whole show was in German. Gretchen fell asleep. Mama Walzer read the advertisements on her program, and Papa Walzer suddenly remembered an engagement he had downtown.

Gretchen told Sadie about it afterwards. Sadie was talkative, and Bourguard learned how unappreciative his landlady and her family were. It grated harshly on his tender nerves. That was the first rupture.

The war pot simmered for a month, and one evening after four of the little "chips off the old block" were asleep in one corner, Bourguard came down to the parlor after his six hundred and ninety-ninth bucket of coal (so the landlady said) and found company. He proceeded to make himself agreeable. The visitor was an Irishman. He understood sleight-of-hand performances and even excelled the unexcellable Bourguard. That grated on the bachelor's nerves, too. He arose ill-natured the next morning. He sent his coffee back to be made stronger; he gave the four eldest Walzers a lesson in manners. "Don'd giggle ad der table, you childrens. No, I don'd excuse you. You mus'n'd do nodings what should be excused vonce yet." And he frowned so darkly that the rest of the repast was eaten in silence.

The gulf widened and deepened, and when a gorgeously dressed Dutchman with red nose and green eyes arrived on the fourteenth of February, Bourguard's slow blood boiled, and he cast ominous glances at "dose impudend scalavags."

Now it was the twenty-ninth of March. An expressman came to clear the woodshed. Bourguard was to give another doll show, and he would need all the boxes and rigging this time. Bourguard's landlady was unsuspicious, although his arrears in room rent amounted to something over five dollars. "Man wants but little here below." Bourguard wanted nothing but solitude. He gloomily avoided the family and went about with the air of a thief.

It was the first of April, the Day of Fools. Mama Walzer jumped up from the breakfast table exclaiming, "A runaway! A runaway!" Bourguard sprang to the window and returned with a dark frown. The laughter grated on his nerves. "Dot vas no vay to fool! I vill show you how to do, vonce." But the landlady laughed on, and Bourguard ate his meal in silence.

It was a warm, bright day. The snow that remained in shaded corners was melting; the board side-walks were steaming; the slow-footed children were lagging from school, too drowsy to move. The buds were just bursting. The sun shone hot in a cloudless sky. Everything seemed at rest but the energetic Mrs. Walzer. She was giving the finishing touches to the scrubbing and polishing in the kitchen.

It was dinner time. The children washed the dishes and went back to school. Mrs. Walzer was humming a German tune when suddenly she stopped. Where was Bourguard? He hadn't been to dinner! And she hadn't noticed him all morning. She went upstairs to his room and knocked. No response. She tried the

door. It opened and she went in. The dresser-scarf was half off. The washbowl was on the floor. An old pair of shoes stood in one corner and under the key, on the stand, was a slip of paper. Mrs. Walzer stared, then caught up the unoffending slip, and read:

"Dear Madam—Leaf today. It don'd concern you. I go away. I fool you but don'd mind. This is All-fools' Day. Yours in room rent, H. H. B."

—*Tillie Will*

A PASTRY PROPOSAL

SAM WINTERGREEN had loved Polly Butterpole for a long time, and had often made up his mind to tell her so; but when he got all ready, words would suddenly fail him, and the question would remain unasked. At last he grew desperate and determined to ask the important question or die. Thanksgiving eve was the time he set. So, on that day, having finished an early supper, he dressed in his Sunday best and tried his hardest to look grave. Before leaving, he sat down to compose a little speech, thinking that if he had a speech on his tongue's end, it would not be so hard to say.

He thought and thought, and finally a bright idea entered his rather dull brain. "Just the thing! I know Polly can't refuse if I ask her in some real nice poetry." He took paper and pencil and began.

"Polly, dear, you're sweet as pie." Glorious thought! What could be sweeter than pie?

Sam was extremely fond of pie, and he was certain that no better comparison could be made. So appropriate, too, on Thanksgiving—almost every one had such delicious pumpkin pies. But what next? That wasn't the important question; it was simply one of the preliminaries. He scratched his head, chewed his pencil, and murmured—"pie, lie, die, sigh." "Sigh"—that was the word—it sounded so romantic and lovelike.

"Polly, dear, you're sweet as pie,
For you, for you, I ever sigh.
Will you be my little wife?"

The perspiration was streaming from Sam's moon-like face, and he was in a state of great excitement. "Derned if it ain't hard work writing poetry—I'd ruther pitch hay a week—let me see—" (the pencil was nearly consumed) "wife—strife—knife—life."

"Polly, dear, you're sweet as pie,
For you, for you, I ever sigh.
Will you be my little wife
And live with me the rest of your life?"

At last! He heaved a ponderous sigh. I suppose if Sam had known Latin he would have cried, "Hoc habeo! Hoc habeo!" for his own benefit; but as it was, he could hardly contain himself; his elation was so great. He read his poetry over and over, and at each reading it seemed better to express his meaning. After carefully committing it to memory, he started to the Butterpole farm, about a mile distant. All the way he kept repeating his poetry, so he would know it well when the time came to give it.

When he arrived, he was cordially greeted by Polly, who looked particularly sweet in her new red dress. She conducted him into the "front room" and then, knowing his weakness for pie, hurried into the pantry and returned with two exceptionally large ones. Sam ate half of one, and, when Polly urged him to eat more saying she had lots of it left, he managed to eat the other half. As Sam had eaten a hearty supper before starting, he felt that the last mouthful would kill him, but he would do anything for Polly.

Now he made ready to repeat his little speech to her for whom it had been written. He drew his chair close to Polly's, turned a dozen shades of red, cleared his throat and began:

"Polly, dear, you're sweet as pie,
For it, for it, I ever sigh."

Oh! what had he said! He could have kicked himself for the mistake, but it was too late—for Polly was already cutting another piece of pie, and handed it to Sam, saying with a sweet smile, "Law, Sam, but you do talk real nice poetry, too. I knew you would like my pie. Do have another piece."

Poor suffering Sam, not knowing what else to do, ate the pie, in the meantime trying to suppress his feelings. He was so filled with chagrin and pumpkin pie that he felt like taking his escape and never gazing on the face of mortal again. Notwithstanding, he conquered his feelings to some extent, reminded himself of the pledge he had made, and once more began:

"Polly, dear, you're sweet as pie,
For you, for you, I ever sigh."

But what came next? It had fled from his mind like the shadow before the sun. "Wife, life, die, pie," ran through his mind in wild confusion. In his agony he groaned—"Pie, —pie."

Polly, not knowing what else to say, murmured, "So you want some more pie, Sam?"

"Thunderation! No!" roared Sam. "What I want is you!"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" smiled Polly.

"Well, I have been trying to for the last half hour," said Sam.

Needless to say, Polly will always make Sam's Thanksgiving pies.

—*Louise Brown*

SMILE!

JOHN WILLIAM JONES turned the pages of his book listlessly. He had decided to spend his weekly hour of mental improvement in reading poetry, and to that end he had obtained at the public library a small volume of selected poems. He was now trying to decide what next should be the victim of his voracious mind.

A conspicuous couplet on the next page cried out for Jones' attention:

"It's easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who will smile when everything goes dead wrong!"

Ah! Now there was some real poetry,—something a fellow could understand. It was simple, but it had a good idea in it,—none of this silly raving about June and roses and babbling brooks. This was what you might call concrete advice. Why, all a man had to do to make a success was to smile every time anything went wrong. Easy enough! Why not try it sometime? By Jove! He would try it tomorrow! Monday was always a blue day at the office, and it would be a good time to start.

Downstairs in Mrs. O'Grady's parlor, the little wooden cuckoo came out and started its semi-hourly squawking. Eleven o'clock! Well, Jones would go to bed now, but he would get up early next morning and start his new experiment.

Monday morning dawned anything but clear and cloudless. A misty rain was falling remorselessly on the shivering world. Jones jumped quickly out of bed. Ah, just the day to start following the advice of his couplet! Things were sure to go wrong on a day like this. After an unusually hasty toilet, Jones joined his fellow-boarders in the dining-room, just as Mrs. O'Grady was bringing in a plate of muffins.

"Good morning, everybody." Jones' smile was much in evidence. "Ah! Muffins,—I'm fond of hot muffins—and," as an after thought, "especially when they're burned!"

"Sure, an' if it's burned ye call 'em, you don't need to be atin' 'em, an' it's some other boardin' place ye'll be afther foindin' ef ye're a-going 'ter complain just because the muffins be slightly dark!"

With this hasty tirade, Mrs. O'Grady retired, grumbling, to the kitchen, without waiting for Jones' agitated assurance that he was particularly fond of muffins when they were —ah—slightly dark.

"Anyhow," thought Jones during the lull which followed the storm, "I smiled all the time. But it seems queer that Mrs. O'Grady was not more responsive to my pleasant manner. But then, she probably doesn't know what is necessary or worth while."

A few minutes later, Jones discovered that Mrs. O'Grady was in the habit of underfeeding her mice. In fact, circumstantial evidence hinted that she had fed them practically with nothing, for in their famished

state, the poor creatures had carelessly chewed up the entire toe of Jones' left rubber.

"For the love of——" Then suddenly Jones remembered. The wrinkles vanished quickly from his forehead, to reappear about the corners of his mouth.

"How unusual!" was his comment. "Well, I don't think I'll get my feet wet, anyway."

Jones arrived at the office just barely on time. With a determined smile, he hung up his hat and coat and strode briskly to his desk. There on top of his blotter lay a conspicuous note: "Mr. Seavey wishes to see you at once."

"Well, I wonder what the boss wants now," Jones remarked speculatively to his fellow-employees. "Maybe he wants to give me a raise."

"Razz is more to the point," murmured that vulgar personage, the office-boy.

Jones rapped sharply on the door labeled, "Mr. Seavey, General Manager." At a low rumble from within, which might have been interpreted, "Come in," he opened the door and stepped up to the great desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Seavey. I understand you——"

With a loud bang, Mr. Seavey's huge fist struck the desk. "See here, I sent for you to talk to you,—not to have you stand there jabbering at me!"

"Yes, sir." Jones' smile remained intact.

"See here, young man, I'd like to know what you mean by handing in a report like this." Mr. Seavey

was steadily growing fiercer in his wrath. "A mistake of sixty dollars on the balance!"

Jones gasped before he remembered to smile, "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said pleasantly. "It was a mistake. I assure you it won't happen again."

"Won't happen again! You will stand there grinning like an idiot, will you!" Mr. Seavey was roaring now. "No! I'll warrant you it won't happen again. You're fired! Get out!"

Jones' smile was forced now. "Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!"

"Eh? Oh!" With a muffled ejaculation, Mr. Seavey wheeled savagely in his chair. Only the soft closing of the door told him of Jones' departure.

Five minutes later Jones sallied forth in quest of someone who needed an expert accountant.

Jones was learning. He had discovered that his theory, like everything worth while, required a little time before it would run smoothly. But no matter. In a few days it would all work out right, and then Mr. Seavey would see what a successful man he was!

On turning a corner, Jones witnessed what might have been a scene from a slap-stick comedy. At the top of a high ladder a workman was painting a new store. Down below stood an athletic-looking man, watching the operation with apparent interest. Just then something happened. Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, the ladder slipped down, down, down. Clutching frantically at a window ledge, the painter dropped his

pail of crimson liquid, with no regard whatever for passers-by below.

The pail landed with perfect precision on the head of the young athlete. With a surprised grunt, he sat down on the sidewalk to think it over.

Jones hurried forward eagerly. Here was a real godsend,—a wonderful chance to carry out his newly adopted motto.

"Well, well, my good friend," Jones was smiling his broadest smile, as he carefully removed the obnoxious paint pail from the victim's head. "How very fortunate it is that you aren't seriously injured!"

"Hey?"

"I merely remarked that it was very fortunate that you weren't seriously injured. Now suppose——"

"Sure, an' it's me that I be loikin' ter know what it is ye be callin' seriously injured." A hand shot out and grasped Jones' collar. "Oim thinkin' ef ye was in my place ye'd be callin't moighty serious if a hivvy oiran pail full o' frish rid pant was ter drop out o' a clare sky onter yer hid."

With a lusty swing, he brought the pail crashing on poor Jones' tender cranium. "There now, an' ye kin jist see if it ain't serious." A swift kick sent Jones well on his way home. "Get out, now, an' if yer want ter be safe, ye kin jist keep away from me with yer impedent grin."

Minus hat, and minus smile,—a forlorn figure,—Jones climbed the steps of Mrs. O'Grady's boarding house. Home looked good to him. He was

worn out, even though the morning was only half gone.

Feeling the need of something quieting, Jones settled himself carefully in his arm chair and picked up a book. Opening it at random, he started to read.

"It's easy enough to be pleasant when life goes along like a song,
But the man worth while"—

Crash! The book landed under the table in the opposite corner of the room. Jones glared savagely at it as, with careful fingers, he rubbed a swelling on the top of his head.

—*Jean Webb*

PUPPETS

MONSIEUR DE JEANS ushered Marilyn into his warm little living room and, as he drew up a chair for her, he noticed that her eyes were rebellious but flushed with tears, and that her mouth was trembling. He saw that she had not removed the make-up from her cheeks or lips or eyes, and that underneath the green cloak she still wore her stage costume.

When Marilyn had sat down, Monsieur walked over to a box on the table. "I was amusing myself with the marionettes," he said. Picking up numerous thread-like ropes, he wound them about his fingers.

Marilyn watched Monsieur's long, white hands slip in and out among the strings; she noticed how skillfully he moved the marionettes where he wished.

Curious dolls—were those puppets; some were ugly, some lovely, with stiff arms and legs fastened to the ropes; legs and arms that obeyed the dictates of Monsieur's touch.

There was Jean, the clown, whose dark eyes, dark eyebrows, and finely modeled crimson lips made splashes of color on the chalky whitnesss of his face; there was Marie, the dancer, whose small oval face, framed by a cloud of black hair, appeared almost human; and Pierre, the sewer rat, with unkempt hair, and his right eyebrow curving like a bent bow above his eye. There was Herbelot, the acrobat, and Francoise, a dancer. And way back in the box were many, many others.

"This is my theater," said Monsieur, and the melody of music was in his voice.

"But, Monsieur—" began Marilyn. A sob made her voice quiver.

Monsieur silenced her with his eyes.

"I know, child; I know why you came. But listen! This is my theater," he repeated softly, "and these are my players. There are many of them, you see, but first among them is my Marie and my Jean."

The tapering fingers twitched upon the thread; Marie came forward, and after her came Jean.

"But a week ago they began to act for me. Already I love them. They are artists, those two. You can see the earnestness of Jean and the sweetness of Marie. Is not Jean a strange fellow? Does not the black ruff against the whiteness of his face make him look strange and picturesque?"

Marilyn leaned forward. "Yes, Monsieur."

"If his arm could hold a violin, I would have had him be a musician," the Frenchman said with a sigh, "for he has the melancholy that belongs to a musician. But instead, I have made a dancer out of him." He guided Jean into a series of fantastic steps; made him bow.

"And Marie! Is she not exquisite? She does the dance of flame."

The marionette, almost a living thing in her bright crimson dress, pirouetted, swayed on her stiff legs, came up on her toes, bowed her slender body. After her bow,

Monsieur drew Jean and her back to their former positions.

"Before Jean and Marie began to act, the leaders of my company were Herbelot and Francoise. Francoise was the premiere danseuse demi-monde while Herbelot was a great acrobat. They were given the leading parts in my little plays; they ruled my little theater. But when I engaged Marie and Jean, Francoise and Herbelot lost prominence. They were older; their acts were older; while Jean and Marie were young, and their acts were young."

Through wondering eyes Marilyn saw Herbelot and Francoise bow stiffly. She noticed that Herbelot's suit was shabby, and that Francoise's hair was not as well dressed as Marie's.

"Next comes Pierre. He is at present my villain, and a very evil one he makes. He replaced Roland.

"Roland is old," said Monsieur, as he pulled the rope. "Soon Pierre will be old, and I will seek another villain—one who is new."

One by one Monsieur de Jeans displayed the dolls to Marilyn, and told her how each one had replaced another as leading lady or leading man.

"You understand?" he questioned, softly, his fine gray eyes searching Marilyn's face.

The girl's eyes were full of tears, dim, blinding tears.

"Oh, Monsieur, you are mocking me!"

But Monsieur shook his white head.

"No, no!" he protested. "No one is great enough

to mock anyone else, least of all myself, Petite. But I have not finished my story.

"My marionettes rule for a time, and then they give way to some one else because I will it, because I am tired of them. Perhaps they are unhappy because they no longer receive the full glare of the footlights. Who knows? And yet what can they do? They are not human; they have no will power. My hands furnish their only initiative. But if they were human! Oh, what then? Perhaps they would leave me when they see someone else is pushing them into the background, and start out for themselves; or go with another company who would be glad to secure their talents. Or still, they might remain with me—afraid to make the venture." He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?"

With her hands clasped in front of her and her eyes on the marionettes, Marilyn came toward him. For many seconds, the ticking of the mahogany clock on the mantel was the only sound in the room.

When Marilyn spoke, her voice was very low and quiet.

"I am a puppet, and I am not Marie—I am Francoise. Today the director gave the new actress the lead, and put me in a minor role—as a maid. For the past four weeks I have been treated like that. And I came to tell you—but, Monsieur, we shall see, we shall see." She smiled at him. " I may be a puppet, but I am a human one."

"That is so, Petite," Monsieur murmured ever so softly.

At the door, Marilyn turned around.

"Some day I shall say thank you," she said.

* * * * * * *

A year later, Monsieur de Jeans sat in a box at a crowded theater where third balcony seats sold for fifteen dollars, and watched a slender, flaming figure pirouette, sway, dance on her toes—while a white-faced clown played a haunting, exquisite melody on a violin. He watched the curtain fall amidst thundering applause, and rise again for an encore.

At the end of the act, Monsieur's hand sought a sheet of white paper in his pocket, on which were written the words, "I thank you."

—*Ruby Eggleston*

SHADOWS

THROUGH the broken pane a lost moonbeam entered. It struck the cracked pitcher on the wash-stand, ran the hard length of the bed, and last of all came to the table at which he sat.

What a queer chap he was. A white face with tight stretched skin, an unruly mass of hair arching his forehead, and a pair of eyes that stared fixedly before him; and then his clothes,—patches, and thin in all places.

So still did he sit that the moonbeam thought him dead and stole quietly away.

He sat, as he had sat for hours, motionless, staring, staring at the white hands on the table before him. How white they were tonight, with the blue veins seemingly bursting through the pallid flesh, and the fingers—like ghosts, eight thin ghosts and two fat ones. He vaguely wondered if there were fat ghosts. Of course, there must be; for not all spirits had been starved creatures—surely there had been some who had been hearty.

How queer his head was tonight. Everything seemed to be in circles. He remembered now; he had sat down in this chair to write. It must have been a long time since then for it had grown dark. It was really evening and not just the blackness that every few moments blinded his eyes. He was sure that it was late. He was certain of that for it had grown colder in the room. And at night, the wind creeping through the holes in the roof and the broken pane, was a cold wind; and this

wind that now numbed his hands and chilled his back was very cold. Earlier he had lighted a candle, and now where it had been was only a blotch of wax. He must have written something in all this time. He struck a match and watched the flame drive back the darkness. Yes, there was the paper, and it was covered with words —words sprawled in grotesque angles over its whiteness. He bent over it. Bah! He had but repeated a single sentence again and again. A sentence of but four words. The flame bit his fingers. He threw the charred stub from him. Shadows advanced again from the walls and hid his writing. But he knew it now, knew it as he had known it for ages. The words had been, "I must have food."

What a fool he was to sit here alone. It was but a step across the hall to Jerry's. How Jerry would laugh when he had read the words he had written. Jerry knew that story in four words as well as he himself did. No, that was right; he would never see him who had lived across the hall, for he had gone. Funny how he was forgetting everything lately. How had it happened? He was certain of one thing. Jerry was the chap who had lived across the hall and whose hands had painted pictures. The paint would scarce be dry before they would be tucked underneath the painter's arm, and off the painter would go whistling to Rabowitz's. Rabowitz bought and sold pictures. A bit and Jerry would return, the picture still under his arm and the whistle gone. The dealer was not buying pictures. Once they had gone together to the store, and then he had seen

Rabowitz. He was an ugly beast. One grimy hand perpetually rubbing against the other. Little pig eyes in a sweat-smeared face. A greasy beard, and on his shiny blue vest there were egg spots. "No," Rabowitz had said, "I got plenty pictures, plenty pictures. Business is bad. No, not today, not today."

Jerry had had a terrible cough. Sometimes he would bend double and gasp for breath. Jerry's hand was acting queerly too. It would twitch and shake whenever he held a brush. It was always twitching. No, that was wrong. It had lain still on the sheet, when they carried Jerry out. Jerry had been quiet, too. There were spots of red foam on his lips, and his hands were as still as his heart.

Maybe Jerry would be painting phantom portraits now. He remembered one day Jerry had sold a picture and come home with an armful of food. They had cooked it over the tiny oil stove in Jerry's room. It fooled the angular landlady when she knocked upon the door. She hadn't caught them. That had been a meal, too, eggs like blazing suns with lace collars on, and bread, and hot tea. Probably Jerry would meet the ghosts of those eggs and the bread and the tea. Perhaps the painter would draw them. The bread on one side, the frilled eggs in the middle, and the tea at the other end. "Halloa!" Jerry would cry. "It is done! View yourselves!"

His hat was on the door peg. He must not think such thoughts. He would go outside and forget the two new holes he had punched in his belt. He jammed

the hat over his hair and shut the door behind him. The moon was cold and hid for shelter on the far side of a red warehouse. He shivered as the wind struck him. Where should he go? Not to the park; it would be almost as dark as his room. He would go where the lights were brightest. He would find windows that were ablaze with color. He turned up his shrunken collar; pulled his hat over his face; and hands in his pockets, he set out on his quest.

In the windows he would find great pearls that were as pink as Jerry's sunsets, or emeralds, green and mysterious as the sea, and rubies, scarlet as the froth had been on the painter's lips. Then he would move on to windows of flowers. Golden blotches of chrysanthemums, hyacinths like snow-garbed nuns, and violets that grew in little jade jars. You did not have to pay to look at flowers. It cost only time, and he could squander that.

And then he would stop before another window. This one displayed a crimson chariot that could outspeed the fabled Pegasus. If he but had it, he would race the shade of the painter. He would challenge him, crying in a great voice, "Mount Pegasus and race with me!" The wind would blow free through his hair, and the hoofbeats of the other would be lost behind him. He would win; but he would pause and wait for the painter, and when Jerry had come, they would both laugh. Then Jerry would dig his heels into his steed and fly back on the wings of the wind. But he would drive on and on and on, up among the misty maze of the stars, careen

around the swirling planets and on, on, on to the end of space. There he would seek a stage and watch the players drive away memory and time. Players upon the edge of the world, against the curtain of the sable sky. Earth dwellers would say, "The stars are bright tonight." Fools! What did they know? Those glittering baubles against the night were not stars. They were actors that played in an unending drama. Jerry and he had watched them often. There was that fellow Pierrot, who was forever somersaulting across the heavens. Perchance he hoped to win favor in the eyes of some celestial Pierrette. Well, here was to him.

Through the mists appeared a new constellation. It said, "King's Place," and then in huge golden letters spelled out words. "C-o-o-k-i-n-g,"—that spelled cooking, "l-i-k-e,"—that was like, "m-o-t-h-e-r's." Cooking like mother's. How good those brown muffins had tasted, and bread, white and thick with yellow butter crowning it. And waffles, creamy, golden, with syrup oozing through them! Cooking like mother's.

The crowds were leaving the theaters. Somebody shoved against him, and he stumbled into a niche between two buildings. From his cubby he watched the passersby.

Here was a squat fellow, like a melancholic Falstaff. What fat fingers he had, like bulbous bloated worms, and the lady beside him had too many chins.

Here was another pair. The boy had dark circles under his eyes, and his shoulders had a tired slope. The white line of an unlit cigarette drooped from his sag-

ging lips. The girl's face was white with powder; her lips too red and hard.

An old woman was selling laces and pencils. A raw-faced man shoved against her, and she fell. The man did not stop. So the faces eddied past him.

The crowd was thinning now, and he could see quite far into the theater lobby. He did not see the pair till they were abreast of him. The man was a strong fellow. There were tough, bold muscles in his face, and his body looked hard. She was just above his shoulder. Blue eyes that were dreaming, and hair that fluffed down upon her collar.

Light danced off the mesh-bag as it fell from her arm, a dainty trifle, silver and jade against the grey flagstones. In a second she would turn and pick it up. No, her cavalier would retrieve it, and she would smile into his eyes. They did not stop. The creature in the crevice glanced to either side. No one was looking. One thin hand closed over the bag. It was his! It clinked softly as he tossed it a little; that meant money. He could use that. The girl would never miss such a little thing; and if she did, it would but vex her for a moment. Truly, it would be to her but a little thing, but to him, God! it was food, drink, warmth, life! He would eat, he would gorge himself with food, and drown his meal with hot black coffee—cups of it. Then he would buy fuel and perhaps a warm coat.

She looked up at her companion and laughed. What a queer little melody her laugh was. It sounded like a brook; a brook that rippled over brown stones. What

was he doing? His hand was plucking her sleeve. He was returning her purse. He—what was he doing? He must be mad. He was denying himself life. He was giving up the purse when he had it safe in his hand! He was giving it to her because she had laughed. Oh, he was a fool! He heard himself saying, "You dropped it."

She smiled and thanked him. Before he could once more seek his cranny, she had pressed something hard into his hand. With another word of thanks, she and her companion had entered a cab, and its red eye had lost itself among its kind.

The hard thing in his hand was money. She had been kind. It was not necessary for her to give him anything. He had only given back what was hers. But now he must go and find food. He had money now! Where should he go? Ah, he had it, he would go to the new one, "King's Place"; it was there that he had seen the boy flop cakes. He would have cakes, and toast and eggs—everything he wished. He would eat till he burst. He would astonish everyone—he would eat till——

A passer-by jostled against him; the coin spun from his fingers. A newsboy, shouting a midnight extra, saw it pause a moment as it hit the iron grating in the street, and then drop from sight into the sewer.

The vender of news grinned and passed on,—his pocket was full. The other stood gazing at the opening in the street that had robbed him. High above, Pierrot somersaulted through the sky. —*Edward Straus*

PLAY

THE FLAMINGO FEATHER

A Fantasy in Two Scenes

By

KATHERINE LOUNBERG

THE FLAMINGO FEATHER

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Dolls:

- French Soldier.
- Jointed Doll.
- Jack-in-the-Box.
- Teddy Bear.
- Kewpie.
- Old-fashioned Doll.
- Rag Doll.

Dorinda.

Echo Goblins.

The Princess.

The Gentleman Pirate.

The Elf King.

The Quarter Hours.

THE FLAMINGO FEATHER

SCENE I

The clock strikes the first stroke of twelve as the curtain rises on the playroom, a shallow room behind which Scene II may be set. Dorinda is sleeping in her trundle-bed against the right wall. The Rag Doll, Jointed Doll, French Soldier Doll, Jack-in-the-Box, Kewpie Doll, Teddy Bear, and Old-Fashioned Doll, are reclining around the room in careless attitudes. A large square clock stands upon the floor, up center. A window with many panes is left of the clock. The moon shines on the rug in yellow squares. At first the light is very dim, but as the clock ceases striking, it begins to grow brighter as if the moonlight had flooded the room, leaving the corners in shadow. The dolls awake and stretch jerkily, except Rag Doll, who remains flopped limply against the wall. The sound of snoring issues from the Jack's box.

FRENCH SOLDIER [*yawning stiffly*]. Mon Dieu, but how I have slept! Aha, ma cherie! As charming as ever, mademoiselle! [*Chucks Jointed Doll under the chin.*]

JOINTED DOLL. Wretch! [*Turns away scornfully.*] *Loud whistling and knocking is heard from Jack's box.*

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Avast, my beauties! Ship ahoy! Shiver me timbers! What the devil—— [*The top flies open with a great bang and Jack, a red faced sailor boy, jumps up.*] How-de-do, friends

and midshipmen! Here's little Jack himself what sailed in the bonny Black Balloon, the jolliest brig what ever rode the seas.

TEDDY BEAR [*with a monocle in his eye*]. Oh, I say, cawn't you let a person sleep? Hang it all, this is dashedly tiresome!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Blast me!

JOINTED DOLL. Ridiculous! [*Shrugs shoulders.*]

FRENCH SOLDIER. Oh, dear, dear—what has happened to zee leetle friend? She ees not awakened. [*He struts over to Rag Doll.*] Arise, cherie, zee clock eet has struck. [*She does not answer.*]

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Well, I'll be blowed! Pipe the bos'n! All hands on deck! Shake the old gal a bit!

JOINTED DOLL. Don't be vulgar!

KEWPIE [*chewing gum violently*]. Can you beat it?

TEDDY BEAR. She cawn't be dead, cawn she?

OLD-FASHIONED DOLL. Good gracious, I believe I am going to faint. [*She screams faintly.*]

FRENCH SOLDIER [*poking Rag Doll gently*]. Ah, zee lady is—what you call eet—arriving to—behold! [*Rag Doll stretches lazily and sits up, flopping her arms and groaning good naturedly.*]

RAG DOLL. Hello, folks, how's everybody? Dear me, I feel so giddy! [*She giggles loudly.*]

TEDDY BEAR. I say! What was the matter with you, old top?

RAG DOLL. Eh?

FRENCH SOLDIER. Zee gentleman asked what was zee matter that you deed not awaken.

RAG DOLL [*joyfully*]. I can't hear a word you say, folks. That wretched dog has chewed away my ears.

KEWPIE. Oh, for heaven's sake!

JOINTED DOLL. How horrible!

TEDDY BEAR. Oh, I say!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Shiver me timbers!

OLD-FASHIONED DOLL. Oh dear, oh dear, I am positive I shall swoon.

RAG DOLL. But it doesn't bother me in the least—tralalala. [*She flops about the room giggling.*]

TEDDY BEAR. My word!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Terrible, terrible.

RAG DOLL. I feel so frivolous. [*Sings and dances.*]

The puppy stole my ear, ear, ear,
And now I cannot hear, hear, hear,
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, dear, dear,
For now I cannot hear.

[*Jack beats time and whistles out of tune.*]

TEDDY BEAR. I say, old chap, start the music box, won't you? [*to French Soldier*].

FRENCH SOLDIER. Weez pleasure, monsieur. [*He does so.*]

TEDDY BEAR [*to Kewpie*]. Do you dance, old dear?

KEWPIE. Uh huh. [*They dance stiffly in modern fashion.*]

FRENCH SOLDIER [*to Jointed Doll*]. Allow me, mademoiselle. [*They dance.*]

JOINTED DOLL. How divine!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX [*to Old-fashioned Doll*]. Let's shak our pins a bit.

OLD-FASHIONED DOLL. Oh! [*Screams.*] Unhan me, villain!

[*There are shouts off-stage.*] End of first watch! Tw bells and all is well!

[*The clock strikes one, and all dolls become toy again, except the Rag Doll, who continues t dance.*]

RAG DOLL. I love to hop and flop, flop, flop,
I don't know when to stop, stop, stop,
I'll dance until I drop, drop, drop,
I don't know——

DORINDA [*sitting up*]. What are you doing in m playroom?

RAG DOLL. When to stop. Oh dear, there must b something the matter! [*She sees Dorinda, giggles and flops arms.*] Hello there, little one!

DORINDA. Oh, you're only my rag doll! I though you were a fairy.

RAG DOLL. Speak louder, child, I can't hear you!

DORINDA [*shouting*]. Are you a fairy doll?

RAG DOLL. Yes, of course I am. I'm half a fairy which is about the same thing. All dolls are fo that matter. [*She giggles, then weeps.*] But wha shall I do if I don't find my ears? Will you hel me, little mistress?

DORINDA [*shouting*]. Oh, will you take me to fairy land if I do?

RAG DOLL. I'm afraid I can't take you there. Nobody can. You must find the way there yourself. But I'll tell you one thing. First you must cross the rainbow bridge of smiles and tears.

DORINDA. Oh dear, I did so want to go there! But if you can't really take me—— [*shouting*] you might tell me a story instead.

RAG DOLL. Nothing simpler [*giggles*], but first for my ears. [*They search.*]

DORINDA [*finally discovers them on the window sill*]. Here they are!

RAG DOLL [*joyfully putting them on*]. Oh, how lightheaded I feel! [*She dances and sings.*]

My precious ears are found, found, found,
And now I am quite sound, sound, sound,
I like to dance around, around, around,
For now I am quite sound.

DORINDA [*impatiently*]. But tell me a story.

RAG DOLL. I will tell you a marvelous story if you turn the clock back to half-past twelve. But for mercy's sake, don't let the clock strike, or you will wish you hadn't. What shall the story be about, little girl?

DORINDA [*jumps on a chair and turns back the clock. Then she jumps on the bed and bounces up and down, gleefully*]. Now, tell me about a pirate—and goblins—and a fairy princess.

RAG DOLL. Sure! [*She seats herself upon the floor in a ridiculous posture.*] Once upon a time—— [*The stage grows dark.*]

SCENE II

The curtain rises on a blue drop against which a barren, mountainous background is indicated. Up right are masses of grotesque rocks about the black mouth of a cave. At left center is an old and crumbling fountain, in the form of a large cracked urn. There are mossy rocks around the basin. The fountain is not flowing. As the storm dies away, the stage grows lighter, and a green-blue light seems to hover around the tunnel's mouth, like a floating mist. Distant thunder is heard whenever the Goblins appear on stage.

Far off is heard the sound of running footsteps as if someone were approaching through a long, echoing passage. The Echo-Goblins, holding flaring torches, leap frog-like from the cave. They are hideous little monsters, dressed in dark blue-green with ghostly, pasty faces. They dart about the stage and discover a battered sea-chest thrown up by the sea. They approach it with fear and curiosity.

FIRST GOBLIN [*speaking in guttural, mumbling voice*]. What is this?

SECOND GOBLIN. This!

FIRST GOBLIN. It looks like a box!

SECOND GOBLIN. A box?

FIRST GOBLIN. Yes!

SECOND GOBLIN. Yes!

FIRST GOBLIN. It must be an enchanted box,
A magic box—a fairy box!
It has no bolts, no bars, no locks.
Here it lies upon the rocks
Beside the sea. What if it hold
Brimful, great heaps of glittering gold?

SECOND GOBLIN [*musing*]. Gold—gold——

FIRST GOBLIN. Blue amethysts,
Rubies like crimson mists
Of blood-red dripping blood——
All gleaming in gay flood——
Open the box!

SECOND GOBLIN. I am afraid.
I will not touch it, it is made
Of blood, and sea sounds, and the boom
Of thunder at the horn of doom.
Come away! What is that?

FIRST GOBLIN. What—what?

[*Thunder is heard. Wind wails and blows out torches. The Goblins howl. Patter of footsteps dying away is heard. The stage grows lighter with a blue glow. Moonlight gleams from over the fountain. The storm has passed. An enchanted princess in light blue rises from the urn.*]

PRINCESS. Here is the court of a country's king,
(Love and a bird in the brier bush singing!)

Laughter and life in the old halls ring,
(Love and a courtyard fountain flinging!)
His was the love that the fountain had gleamed of;
Hers was the love that the nightingale dreamed of.
See how the moon on the guardsmen's armour
Glints like the flash of a falling blade!
Leave not the moonlight's glimmer and glamour,
Lad of the daring heart, wilful maid.
Oh, clank of swords in the summer night!
Oh, red, red blood on the golden sand!
Fair princess, far out in the cold starlight,
Death and your lover go hand in hand.
Kings and their countries will pass away.
(Love and a bird in the brier bush——)
[*She sees the chest.*]
Oh!

ECHOES. Oh ho!

PRINCESS. I must have dreamed, or am I still dreaming?
Thunder and rain I heard, and wild winds screaming.

[*She leans over the chest and out jumps the Gentleman Pirate. He is dressed in reddish purple. He has knee boots, a plumed hat, a starched ruff about his neck, puffed sleeves, velvet doublet, and a sash about his hips. He wears a sword and cutlass. He bows low, hat in hand.*]

PIRATE. Fair princess, let me kiss your lovely hand.
Pray tell me what you call this lovely land.
Or are you but the bubble of a dream——
A rainbow, running where the white stars beam?

PRINCESS. They call this spot the Isle of Mysteries,
Hidden beside unknown and sullen seas.
I am a princess in the shadow of the mountain,
Bound by a spell to sing within the fountain
Forever and forever. Who are you?

ECHOES. Who are you?

PIRATE. A gentleman am I, a pirate lance,
Exiled unjustly from the courts of France.
I thought I heard soft music as I slept——
Of fairy harps that sang and sobbed and wept.
[*Sings*]

"Oho! I am a bloody buccaneer,
A pirate bold that sweeps across the sea!
I sail the tossing waves with dauntless sneer,
The conquest of the ocean all for me.
I weather every storm that blusters past,
And man my ships with gallant men and bold.
I nail a skull and crossbones to the mast,
And plunder mighty vessels of their gold.
I sail to every port and every land,
And scour the mighty ocean to and fro,
With Death to all who dare to meet my hand
In Davy Jones's locker down below.
Yet something stirs within me and awakes.
The evil in me crumbles as it breaks.
Upon the storm wings rode I to this Isle
In search of pardon and a woman's smile."

ECHOES. A smile—— [*mocking laughter*].

PIRATE. Who laughs?

ECHOES. Who laughs? Ha, Ha, Ha!

PIRATE. What friends are they that lie behind these walls
Whose laughter mocks me like a living thing?

PRINCESS. It is the voices of the Echo King.
It is his little goblin court that calls.

PIRATE. Who is this King? It seems you know him well.

PRINCESS. Alas, I do! He bound me with a spell,
Once, long ago, and stole my soul away.
A lovely thing it was, like fairy dew,
All iridescent as an autumn day
That glows and shimmers when the light shines through.

PIRATE. Fair princess, I shall search this gloomy hole
And pierce this tyrant as I would a mole.
Then—I shall carry back your lovely soul.

PRINCESS. Oh, do not enter, surely you will die!
Stay, let me try the King with witchery,
Or from his clutch I never shall be free,
But doomed to sing forever by the sea
Until a hundred million years roll by.
Hush, listen, the monster Elf King nears,
Whisper, for the very rocks have ears.

[*Footsteps a long way off are heard, slow and solemn.*]

Hide in the hollows where the white waves sing,
And I shall learn the magic of the King.

PIRATE. Princess, daughter of the Cave of Sighs,
I see the love-light shining from your eyes.
I love you, watcher of your lonely fountain,
And love shall pluck you from this evil mountain.

PRINCESS. Then, if you love me, go! The creature comes,
I hear the beating of the Goblin drums.

[*The Pirate hides behind the fountain. The light grows red, and moonlight fades away. Enter the Elf King. The King is more hideous than his Goblins. He wears a flamingo feather in his cap. The Goblins bow.*]

Oh, what a lovely feather!

ELF KING [*bowing*]. A magic feather!
Spirits of enchantment in it live;
Three wishes to its wearer it can give.
And when we wed upon this lovely heather
You may have it.

PRINCESS. Not before?
Oh, noble King, I wish it more and more,
It floats so dreamily against the air.
Come, only let me twine it in my hair,
And I shall seem to see my wedding day.

ELF KING. You will not hide my dainty plume away?

PRINCESS. How could you utter such a doubtful thing,
Knowing you have my soul, my worthy King?

[*The King, with a horrible smile, gives her the feather and attempts to kiss her hand.*]

PRINCESS [*receiving the feather.*]
I wish you all a heap of broken stones,
And may the heather hide your hardened bones!

[*Green lights shine upon the Goblins, changing them to stones. The cave closes.*]

And second, let my soul be free!
Unbind me from this Isle beside the sea.

[*Re-enter Pirate as the Princess steps down from the urn. He kneels at her feet.*]

Kneel not, my pirate, for I love you, too.
And like the changeless ocean will be true.

[*Pirate springs up and they embrace. Throughout the preceding scene the Goblins echo the last word of every speech, but now they are silent. The Princess gives the feather to the pirate.*]

PIRATE. The last wish—uttered on this lonely shore,
May we live happily forever more.

[*A beautiful blue light falls over the scene, making it an ideal spot. The clock off-stage strikes two, slowly and softly.*]

[CURTAIN]

[*The curtain rises on a vignette scene picked out by a spotlight, showing Dorinda's bed with the dolls asleep around it, and the clock behind it. Dorinda sits up sleepily and rubs her eyes. It is two o'clock.*]

DORINDA. Oh, what a funny dream!

[*She sleeps. Enter two Quarter Hours, stealthily and nervously. They climb into the clock. The clock strikes half past two. A cock crows off-stage. Dorinda turns in her sleep.*]

[CURTAIN]